AN
APOLOGY
FOR THE
LIFE
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

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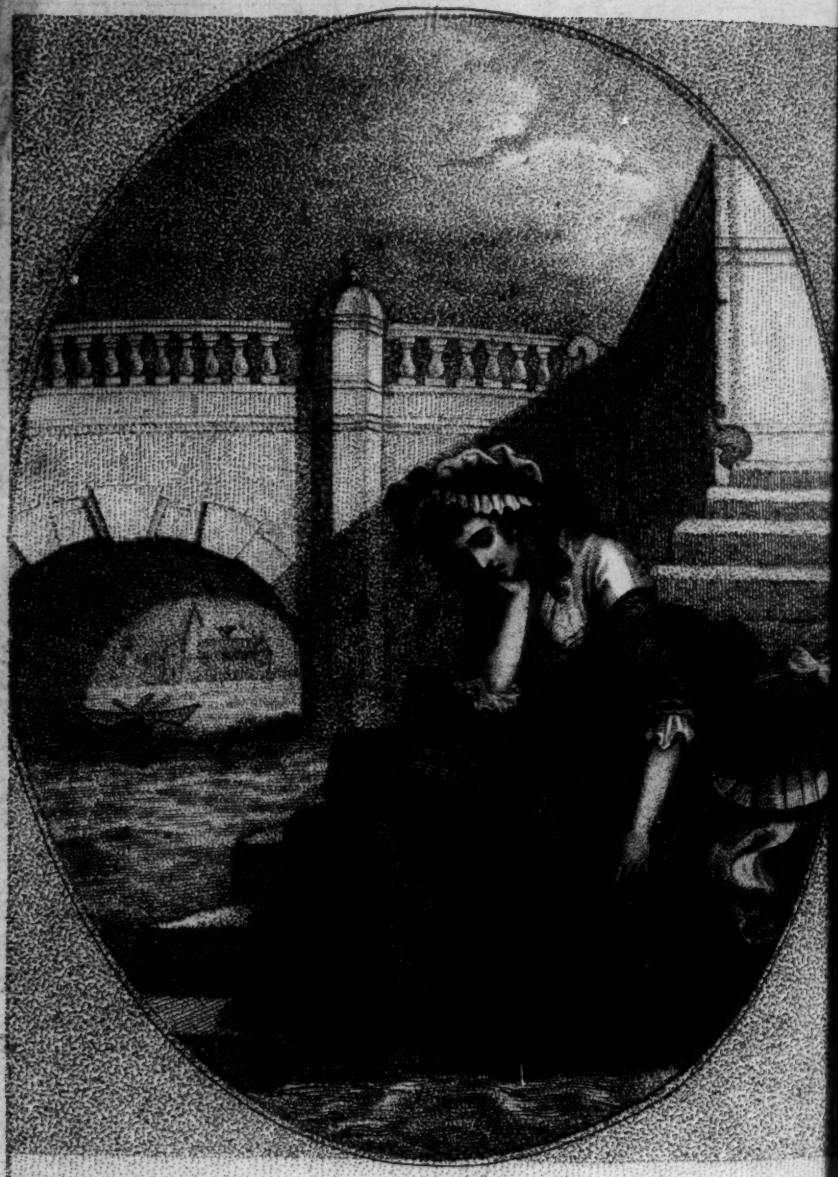

M. Brown del. M. Delatre

BELLAMY's APOLOGY Vol.V.

Despondency on the Steps of Westminster Bridge

Printed for J.Bell British Library Strand London March 1st 1786.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY,

LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

To which is annexed,

Her original Letter to JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq. advertised to be published in October 1767, but which was then violently suppressed.

"The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, Good and Ill "together; our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt "them not; and our Crimes would despair, if they were not "cherished by our Virtues."

All's Well that Ends Well, Act 4, Scene iii.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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M DCC LXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

APOLOGY.

FOR THE

LIFE

OF

GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

LETTER XCI.

December 22, 17—

I NOW found all my theatrical expectations fruſtrated. Although, but a few days before, they ſeemed to be reſuming their wonted ſplendour, and bid fair to be productive of at leaſt ſome years of unclouded ſunſhine, in a moment an envious gloom darkened the proſpect. Tranſient, as "when a ſable cloud turns forth her ſilver lining "to the night," was the flattering hope. But ſuch was my lot.

I could by no means have wiſhed for an engagement, unleſs it was on condition of being rein-

ſtated in moſt of the parts that had been in my poſſeſſion, together with my quota of new ones; and as to requeſting a favour of that kind from Mr. Woodward, I reprobated the very thought. I could not for a moment ſuppoſe, even had I been ſo unreaſonable as to make ſuch a weak propoſal, that a perſon who knew the value of money ſo well as he did, would have conſented to have me (to make uſe of a political phraſe) tacked to him by way of dependent.

For notwithſtanding friendſhip is a very fine thing to talk of, very few would prove ſuch devotees to it, as to ſacrifice a thouſand pounds a year upon account of it. As for my own ideas of that ſacred union, they are ſo truly romantic, and ſo very unfaſhionable, that I am almoſt aſhamed to make them known: but I ſhould not think worlds too dear a purchaſe, for the perſon towards whom I profeſſed a friendſhip. I now regretted, more poignantly than before, that I had made Mr. Colman my enemy. Though I deplored his reſentment, I acknowledged the juſtice of it. I have, however, the conſolation to add, that from that gentleman's liberal behaviour for ſome time paſt, I have every reaſon to believe his diſpleaſure has ſubſided, and that I have the happineſs, once more

more, to look upon him in the light of a friend.

Upon the third of December I always made a dinner for ſome friends, in honour of its being the name-day of Comte Haſlang. I had accordingly invited ſome ladies, and his Excellency's Secretary, to dine at my mother's, where I now reſided when I came to town.

The evening previous to that day my mother ſeemed to be indiſpoſed, but as I was in hopes that it was only a ſlight indiſpoſition, and ſhe herſelf objected to my putting off the party, I had not done ſo. When I returned home from paying the uſual compliments upon the occaſion, I found her in the parlour, much worſe than when I left her. Seeing this, I entreated her to permit me to ſend for advice; which ſhe refuſed, but conſented to return to bed.

As I did not apprehend any real danger from my mother's illneſs, good company, joined to good cheer, and good humour, made us laugh rather too loud; when, to our great ſurprize, ſhe entered the room, in the midſt of our feſtivity, and turning to Mrs. Howe, one of the ladies preſent, deſired her not to raiſe a mob about the door by her immoderate laughing. As my mother was

a remarkable well-bred woman, and was very particular in her behaviour to thoſe who were tinged with nobility, we concluded this uncommon rudeneſs muſt ariſe from ſome extraordinary cauſe.

And ſo it proved to be; for we ſoon perceived, from the tenor of her behaviour, that ſhe was light-headed. I therefore ſent away immediately for Doctor Macdonald, a phyſician of whom ſhe had ſuch a very high opinion, that ſhe always *did him the honour* to conſult him upon every ſlight indiſpoſition of her friends, as well as herſelf, and that *gratis*. The Doctor immediately came, and apologized for not joining us at dinner, as he had been invited. He informed me, that he was rather late, and recollecting, when he got near Brewer-ſtreet, that he was in mourning, he would not commit ſuch a ſoleciſm in good manners, as to appear in ſables at my grand gala; he therefore returned, and dined elſewhere.

Doctor Macdonald did all he could to aſſiſt my mother for ten or twelve days; but finding every medicine he preſcribed prove ineffectual, he deſired that I would call in ſome other advice. I therefore immediately ſent for Doctor Schomberg, a gentleman as eminent for his wit, as diſtinguiſhed in his profeſſion. When he came, he pronounced

ced her complaint to be a lethargic palſy; adding, that there were no hopes of her recovery, as it was not in the power of the whole *materia medica* to reſtore her. He ordered both her head and feet to be bliſtered, but without any good effect ariſing from it. She lingered for ſome time, during which ſhe had no interval of ſenſe; and whilſt I was kneeling by her bed-ſide, kiſſing her hand, ſhe caſt her eyes upon me, with a benignant ſmile, and left this world without a pang.

The grief I felt at the loſs of my much loved parent, was leſſened by the conſideration, that ſhe had every aſſiſtance this world could afford her. The poor had reaſon to regret her departure, as ſhe was benevolent to an exceſs. Though a rigid oeconomiſt where ſhe herſelf was only concerned, ſhe was liberal almoſt to a fault when any object of compaſſion excited her tender feelings. I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing thoſe intimates who eſteemed her whilſt living, ſeverely lament her when dead. As to myſelf, death deprived me not only of an anxious parent, but of a kind friend. Happy would it have been for me, had I always liſtened to her prudent admonitions! I ſhould then have been a ſtranger to error, and conſequently to its ſure attendants, anguiſh and

misfortune. And I now moſt ſeverely felt the truth of the adage, "That we never know the "value of what we poſſeſs, till we are made ſen- "ſible of it by its loſs."

As the landlord of the houſe in which my mother reſided had promiſed never to raiſe the rent whilſt ſhe or myſelf choſe to continue his tenant; and it was greatly under-let, I determined to keep it. Every thing my parent died poſſeſſed of having originated from me, I thought I had an undoubted right to whatever that might be; and my brother having reſigned all pretenſions to her property, I thought it needleſs to take out letters of adminiſtration.

I had invited a lady and her two daughters to be with me during my mother's illneſs; and ſhe was ſo kind as to continue her viſit, in order to keep me from the melancholy with which a mind ſo ſuſceptible as mine muſt naturally be oppreſſed. As my mother had always lived in the ſtyle of a gentlewoman, I had her buried as ſuch. Thoſe about me endeavoured to perſuade me not to go to her funeral, but their remonſtrances were in vain. As I had paid her every poſſible attention while living, I was determined, coſt what pangs it would, to pay the laſt tribute of duty by attending her remains to the grave.

I muſt

I muſt here obſerve, that I cannot help thinking, but that perſons who pretend to ſuch overnice feelings, as to be prevented thereby from paying theſe laſt reſpectful offices to a deceaſed relation or friend, ſhew an unnatural and falſe delicacy. I conſider them as an indiſpenſible duty, and a debt of nature; and will venture to call an omiſſion of them unpardonable affectation. Elſe, why ſhould thoſe of the lower ranks be deprived of that extreme ſuſceptibility. Dame Nature being their guide, ſhe conducts them, with decent ſorrow, to the grave of thoſe they loved whilſt living.

Now prepare yourſelf to hear another of thoſe unexpected and ill-natured ſtrokes of fortune, with which ſhe has frequently belaboured me. So quick is generally the tranſition, that ſhe might be ſaid to give with one hand, and immediately to rob me of the newly-poſſeſſed gift with the other. As if the fickle Goddeſs had determined that I ſhould never retain the poſſeſſion of any property, let it be thrown into my lap by her from whatever quarter it would.

My viſitor, Mrs. Butler, and myſelf, were ſitting together in converſation one evening, ſoon after the death of my mother, when a loud and

violent rap at the door alarmed us. As ſuch an incident was unuſual, I ordered the ſervant not to open the door, but to enquire what occaſioned it from the area. Upon her going out for that purpoſe, ſhe was informed, that if ſhe did not immediately open the door, it would be broke open, as they had got the broad ſeal. Not knowing what was meant by having the broad ſeal, I demanded from the window their buſineſs. To this they anſwered, that I ſhould be informed when they were let in; and if that was not done preſently, they had authority to break open the door.

Finding there was no probability of preventing their entrance, I ordered the door to be opened; when five or ſix fellows ruſhed in, and took poſſeſſion, in the name of that honour to his *honourable* profeſſion, my Couſin Crawford.

That worthy and conſcientious man no ſooner heard of my mother's death, and found that I had been ſo imprudent as not to make any legal claim to her property, than he took out letters of adminiſtration, by ſwearing himſelf her legitimate heir. Fearleſs of the iniquity of the meaſure, or the conſequence of it, my *honeſt* kinſman thought if he could but appropriate her effects to his own uſe, he would ſet at defiance a future reckoning. He accordingly adopted this mode with ſucceſs.

I im-

I immediately apply'd to the late Sir John Fielding, hoping he would point out ſome mode of redreſs; and notwithſtanding, I had not ſeen him for many years, his retentive faculties were ſo nearly in their full force, that the moment I ſpoke, he called me by my name, and was ſorry it was out of his line to aſſiſt me upon the occaſion.

As it happened not to be term time, I had no reſource but patience; for I found it to no manner of purpoſe to endeavour to bring the ſavages by which I was ſurrounded, to reaſon. A fruitleſs altercation indeed took place, but they perſiſted in my quitting the premiſes that night. It was by this time paſt eleven o'clock; Mrs. Butler's children were in bed; and where to get a lodging at that late hour I knew not. At laſt I thought of ſending to Mr. Woodward, who had taken a large houſe in Leiceſter-ſtreet, in order to let part of it. That gentleman conſented, with great chearfulneſs, to accommodate us till I could provide myſelf, though he was obliged to get out of his bed to receive us.

The next day I ſent to inform Mr. Gordon, the undertaker that had depoſited the remains of my much-loved mother, of what had happened, and deſired him to look to the adminiſtrator for

the expences of the funeral. He ſent for anſwer, that as I had ordered the funeral, he ſhould expect me to pay for it; that it was a very genteel one; and he defied any one of the trade to furniſh one more elegant for fifty guineas, though he ſhould only charge me forty-two. As Mr. Gordon was a neighbour, and my mother was ſo greatly reſpected that numbers attended her manes without invitation, I was in hopes he would have been my friend upon the occaſion, and have endeavoured to eaſe me of that load; but no! he choſe to be his own friend, and to fix the debt upon me, without giving himſelf any trouble.

What made this event more vexatious was, that the ſeven hundred pounds, owing by the Widow Lock to my mother, as already mentioned, was to have been paid the Wedneſday following. In the confuſion and fright I was in when I left the houſe, I forgot the papers relative to this debt. As they were placed in a china cloſet in the parlour, that they might be ready when wanted, the wretches who had taken poſſeſſion, probably thought them of no value, and had thrown them by as waſte paper. So that all I got by the death of my dear mother, was a poor girl ſhe recommended to my charge, and who became an additional

additional burthen to me. I never knew ſhe was a relation, till my dying mother enjoined me to find her out, and take care of her.

The effects belonging to my mother were ſold for an old ſong, as the ſaying is; but as the houſe was let to me, though only verbally, the fixtures could not be diſpoſed of. I commenced a ſuit in the Commons againſt the depredator, which I ſhould undoubtedly have gained, as I was born in wedlock; but an unexpected circumſtance prevented me from receiving any redreſs. The wretch having ſpent all the money that aroſe from the ſale of the effects, and having beſides bullied ſome tenants that rented the ſtables belonging to the houſe out of what money was due; and being now apprehenſive of the conſequences of his infamous tranſactions; he took the Graveſend boat in order to fly his country. Juſtice, however, here overtook him; for being much intoxicated, he fell into the river, and was never heard of more.

Had he received the deſert due to his crimes, he would have been exalted inſtead of ſunk. In this opinion I dare ſay you will readily concur with me, when I relate to you the following inſtance of his rapaciouſneſs and inhumanity; though indeed from thoſe I have already preſented you with,

I think I need not doubt of your entertaining the utmoſt abhorrence for his conduct.

This unnatural being, (I will not debaſe the name of father by beſtowing it on him,) kept his ſon in priſon, for refuſing to join with him in diſpoſing of an annuity in which he had an intereſt. This was an annuity of fifty pounds a year in the Exchequer, the remains of two hundred; Crawford's wife having, during her life-time, joined with him in diſpoſing of the other hundred and fifty. He had alſo ſpent ten thouſand pounds in money; part of which, in juſtice, ought to have been mine, as it devolved to him from another branch of the Sykes's family.

In order to terrify the lad into a compliance with his requiſition, the inhuman monſter threw him, although yet a minor, into the Fleet Priſon, after having arreſted him for board and lodging; and here this unfortunate young man remained till Crawford's death, as he had reſolution enough to bear a diſagreeable confinement, rather than conſent to ſo unjuſt a propoſal.

Muſt there not be ſome place, red with uncommon vengeance, where a ſevere retribution will await ſuch complicated crimes, ſuch a continued ſyſtem of diſhoneſty? There muſt; there will!

—Though

—Though he was able to fly from that puniſhment the laws of his country were on the point of inflicting on him, (for tardy-footed juſtice had nearly overtaken him) yet he will not have it in his power to eſchew her rigorous graſp in that ſtate, where all accounts of this nature are ſettled: The day of reckoning muſt come.

I was now obliged to ſend word to the Biſhop of Glouceſter that I could not wait on him to receive the ſeven hundred pounds due from Mrs. Lock to my mother, as the papers relative to the debt were loſt. To which his Lordſhip returned for anſwer, that he could by no means think of paying the money, unleſs I could give up the obligations, as he ſhould ſtill be liable to pay it to thoſe who might find them.

Thus, without being able to receive a ſhilling of my mother's property, through the diſhoneſty of my worthy Couſin, I found I had the funeral expences to pay, together with ſome demands ſhe had incurred which I had promiſed to diſcharge; and likewiſe the coſts of the ſuit I had commenced in the Commons, which amounted to ſeventeen pounds. So that I think I may ſay that, according to my uſual good luck, I *gained a loſs* upon the occaſion. But ſtrange events ſometimes produce

produce ſtrange conſequences, as was the caſe with this; for, ſoon after, I was honoured with a viſit from Lord Hampden, whom I had not ſeen ſince a child, who preſented me with a bank note for twenty pounds, in as *pompous* a manner as if it had been a million. G. A. B.

LETTER XCII.

Dec. 29, 17—

IF I ſhall not be thought worthy of any encomiums for the matter contained in my letters, or for my manner of inditing them, I flatter myſelf you will at leaſt think me entitled to ſome praiſe for my indefatigable application in writing them, for the more ſpeedy gratification of your curioſity. A reference to the dates of my letters will convince you, that I have devoted almoſt every hour, ſince I firſt began the taſk, to the employment. Indeed, a long confinement, occaſioned by indiſpoſition and diſtreſs, has not a little tended to accelerate my undertaking; and as neither of theſe cauſes are yet removed, there is a probability that I ſhall be able to proceed with the ſame expedition, and that it will not be long before I ſhall

ſhall put an end to my tale, and with it your expectant wiſhes. For this purpoſe I will now proceed, without any further circumſcribation.

Having ſent for my furniture from Strand on the Green, I was ſoon ſettled again in Brewer-ſtreet. Comte Haſlang having heard of my diſtreſs, told me he would pay for the furniture of my firſt floor, which came to one hundred and twenty pounds; and deſired I would fix a time of payment with the upholſterer. Mr. Woodward complimented me with two capital baſſo-relievos for the door, three handſome girandoles, a beautiful grate, &c. &c. and as every perſon with whom I was intimate preſented me with ſome ornament or other, my houſe, in appearance, was a little cabinet.

Juſt at this time Mr. Calcraft died. It was announced in the papers that he had left me a conſiderable ſum, but the report was entirely without foundation; my name was no otherwiſe mentioned in the will, than as the mother of his children. I believe I might venture to ſay, that he was not regretted even by thoſe to whom he left his fortune. The vexation he muſt feel at knowing himſelf to be deſpiſed and neglected to ſuch a degree, as to be able to purchaſe no other company

company than that of a few wretched dependents, greatly affected his pride, for of *true ſpirit* he had not a ſpark. Not all his riches, his ſumptuous dwellings, nor his luxurious wines, could procure him one reſpectable individual as a companion: He was therefore obliged, as I have been informed, to take up with his clerk, an attorney, and I ſuppoſe an exciſeman, as a perſon of that calling generally makes one in ſuch a group; for even his brother the General declined going near him. I muſt acquaint you, that he promiſed to leave a handſome proviſion for his intimate, the clerk juſt mentioned, which I conclude was his inducement for beſtowing ſo much time on his deſpiſed maſter; inſtead of which, he only left him the immenſe ſum of *a hundred pounds*. A deed which tallies with the many *generous deeds* I have already related of him.

He left behind him a princely fortune, but without bequeathing a ſhilling to his wife, or even mentioning her name; a failure by which ſhe recovered a third of his eſtate, as well as of his perſonal fortune. This, however, has involved the eſtate in ſuch difficulties, that I find his debts are not paid to this day. Every body ſeemed to rejoice when Mrs. Calcraft's ſuit for the recovery

of

of her claim was attended with ſucceſs; and I can ſincerely ſay, that no perſon received greater pleaſure upon the occaſion than I did, as I have been informed ſhe is one of the beſt of women.

At length the ſtipulated day came, when I was to pay Mr. Cullen, the upholſterer, for the furniture of my firſt floor, and which Comte Haſlang had promiſed to enable me to do. I had appointed four o'clock for the hour of payment, and had wrote to his Lordſhip to acquaint him that was the time fixed. Mrs. Tuffnal and the Secretary were with me, when I received an anſwer, written upon a quarter of a ſheet of paper, and ſealed at the corner, like a common note.

I opened it; and finding it begin in the uſual ſtyle, of "I wonder you will not get an engagement," I concluded that the remainder was of the *ſame* tenor, in order to excuſe a breach of promiſe; and as I could not poſſibly ſuppoſe any bill was incloſed in a note of that ſize and form, I immediately threw it into the fire. Upon which Mr. Killroff jokingly ſaid, "Do you treat all your "billet-doux in that manner?" "A billet-doux!" I replied; "It is not of that nature; it is a trifling "ſubterfuge to avoid *paying a premiſe*."

Whilſt

Whilſt I ſat ruminating on the Comte's ſuppoſed evaſion, the porter returned with a meſſage, expreſſive of his Lord's ſurprize at my not condeſcending to honour him with an anſwer. I ſent back my compliments, and I could not conceive there was any anſwer required to a note upon ſo diſagreeable and hackneyed a ſubject. The ſervant went away and returned directly, with a double ſurpriſe of his Lordſhip's; who ſent me word, that if his *letter* required no anſwer, at leaſt I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of the *bill*. The word *bill* was no ſooner pronounced, than I gave a violent ſcream, and cried out, "I am undone! I am undone! I have burnt it." —And we all ſat as motionleſs as ſtatues for ſome time.

At length the porter returned home, and the ſecretary ſoon followed. When, in two or three hours, I received the note of a banker in the city, I think Nightingale's, promiſing to pay the ſum of one hundred and twenty pounds if ſuch a bank-bill ſhould not make its appearance within a year and a day. Fortunately his Lordſhip having leiſure that morning, and being alone, had amuſed himſelf with taking a memorandum of the numbers of ſome bank-notes he had juſt received; a

precaution

precaution he had never before taken; and he has often affirmed ſince, that he could not account for entertaining ſuch an idea then.

Mr. Woodward was kind enough to advance me the money upon this engagement, by which means I was enabled to preſerve my credit with Mr. Cullen the upholſterer; and, as from the bank-note being conſumed to aſhes, there was a certainty that payment could not be demanded, at the expiration of the time, Mr. Woodward received the money. This incident taught his Excellency to fold letters, containing bills, in a *proper* manner; and your humble ſervant to examine, in future, the inſide of the ſmalleſt ſcrap of paper that might be ſent to her, before ſhe burnt it.

I now thought myſelf tolerably eaſy, as I had let the beſt part of my houſe to a brother of the great Parker, who was newly married, for five guineas a week, reſerving for my own uſe the back-parlour, and the two back-rooms on the ſecond floor. The former I made my library; and though it did not contain above four hundred volumes, I have the vanity to ſay theſe were well choſen. Nothing but feſtivity and expence was to be ſeen; and the ſervants received as much

much company below ſtairs, as the bride and bridegroom did above.

This being the caſe, in order to be out of ſo much riot and confuſion, I allowed my two maid-ſervants board-wages for the three months the family was to be with me, and recommended my man to Mr. Woodward. Having done this, I went out early upon a viſit to ſome friend or other, and returned home only to ſleep.

Mr. Gordon, the undertaker, beginning to be very preſſing for his bill for my mother's funeral, I endeavoured to borrow the money, which was forty guineas. Upon this occaſion a young gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to one Cohan, a Jew money-lender, who promiſed to get me the caſh upon my notes in a few days. In order to make them more negotiable, he deſired I would give them in two ſeparate notes, payable to himſelf, and at different dates. Being perfectly unacquainted with tranſactions of this nature, and not entertaining the leaſt ſuſpicion of the man's honeſty, I did as he deſired me; and having this proſpect of being able to diſcharge Mr. Gordon's bill, I ſent to let him know that I would do it in the courſe of the following week.

Encouraged

Encouraged by Mrs. Calcraft's ſucceſs, I began to think of my annuity, which had not been paid for a long time. I accordingly ſent to have Mr. Wedderburne's opinion; when I was informed it muſt be at my own expence. To this I conſented; but not being able to offer the uſual fee with the caſe, and the perſon I depended on not being willing to advance it, the affair lay dormant, at the time I imagined I had the firſt advice in the kingdom.

A week paſſed after I had given the Jew my notes, without my hearing any thing from him; when upon ſending to the young Gentleman who had recommended him, I was informed that my *little Iſaac* was gone off; and I heard no further tidings, either of him or my notes, till they were preſented for payment.

There is nothing, I am told, calls louder for the interference of the Legiſlature, than the frequent frauds of ſome of the preſent race of advertiſing money-lenders, to whom the appellation of Swindlers has been juſtly given. Thoſe who are unfortunately neceſſitated to apply to them, allured by the ſpecious promiſes held forth in their advertiſements, doubt not of receiving from them a ready aſſiſtance; inſtead of which they generally find themſelves more deeply involved, if not irretrievably

ably ruined. If once you deliver into their hands any notes or bills, it is a hundred to one if ever you receive any value for them; or, if you do, it is but a proportionably ſmall part. And as theſe are uſually paid away to tradeſmen who can ſwear they have given a valuable conſideration for them, your plea of not having received any yourſelf, is of no avail. Nor have you any redreſs from conteſting the payment of your notes. All the conſolation you receive in a court of juſtice is, that you ſhould not have been ſo ſilly as to pay attention to the deluſive advertiſements. Many, very many, I have been informed, have liſtened to the ſpecious pretexts of theſe inſatiable harpies, ſome of whom live in eaſe and diſſipation upon the ſpoils of the unfortunate.

Mr. Davy's executors, who had revived the ſuit relative to my annuity, now appeared to be in earneſt; and as Mr Calcraft's executors ſeemed to wiſh to keep the eſtate in law, in order to retain the management of a property, that from its immenſe value muſt undoubtedly be productive of ſome benefit, they determined to conteſt it with them. The latter had even the folly or madneſs to ſend to me, to deſire I would join in the bill againſt myſelf, and thoſe who had advanced me the

the money upon it. This you may be aſſured I refuſed to do. On the contrary, notwithſtanding my natural averſion to all pecuniary buſineſs, I determined to proſecute the affair againſt them with vigour.

The only thing that retarded my deſign, was the want of money to carry it into execution; for what I received from the gentleman who had hired my houſe, was devoted to pay the rent of it. I however reſolved to wait on Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough, to enquire what opinion he had given upon the ſuit, and what was neceſſary to be done further in the proſecution of it.

Lord Huntingdon, whom I had formerly the honour of knowing, was juſt returned from making the tour of Europe with his nephews. As every perſon who ever heard of that Nobleman, muſt allow him to be one of the brighteſt ornaments of nobility, his liberality of ſentiment adding graces to his other eminent virtues, I was encouraged to ſolicit his aſſiſtance upon this emergency; I therefore wrote to him, and acquainted him with my purpoſe.

His Lordſhip immediately called upon me, and with that elegance which attends all his actions, preſented me with a rouleau, greatly exceeding what I then thought I had occaſion for.

He

He at the ſame time requeſted, that if in future I ſhould be preſſed, I would make him my banker. A woman is never ſo highly flattered, as when ſhe is thought worthy the notice of *diſtinguiſhed* characters; which my Lord Huntingdon is in an eminent degree. And a promiſe he then made me, to beſtow upon me ſome of his leiſure hours, I eſteemed more valuable than even the neceſſary and valuable preſent he had given me. I muſt not omit to inform you, that in order to apologize for a few minutes delay before he waited upon me, his Lordſhip diſpatched a relation, who afterwards attended him during his viſit, to acquaint me with it. This information will perhaps appear to you to be needleſs, but you will find that it is not ſo. It is abſolutely neceſſary to introduce this gentleman here, in order that you might be acquainted with him at a future period.

I had ſcarcely time to congratulate myſelf upon the real ſatisfaction I felt from this event, when I was informed, that the cauſe I had been adviſed to enter into with Mr. Gordon, relative to the expences of my mother's funeral, which undoubtedly the adminiſtrator ought to have paid, was given againſt me; and, if not immediately ſettled, I ſhould be ſued to execution. In addition to this, as misfortunes ſeldom come alone, I was ſerved at

the

the ſame moment with copies of writs for the notes I had put into Cohan's hands. And, to crown all, a draft drawn upon me from my ſon Harry, who was abroad, was preſented to me for payment.

Such an interruption to the pleaſing reflections I was indulging, threw once more a gloom over my mind, which put it out of my power to wait upon Mr. Wedderburne as I had intended; I therefore wrote a line to Mr. Woodward, requeſting that he would do it for me. That gentleman being abroad when my note came, he was obliged to poſtpone going till the next day; by which time the term being ended, he was not able to meet with him. By ſuch a train of untoward incidents, was my caſe prevented from coming to the knowledge of that great lawyer. And thus by *intervening* circumſtances, which counteract the beſt intentions, are the moſt important deſigns often times fruſtrated.

The demand for the expences of my mother's funeral being ſo very urgent, and amounting, through the additional law-charges, to near double the original bill, I thought my perſonal ſafety required that it ſhould be firſt diſcharged. I accordingly appropriated the money for which

I was indebted to Lord Huntingdon's generoſity, and which was intended for another purpoſe, to this.

A diſcovery ſoon enſued; for his Lordſhip meeting Counſellor Wedderburne ſome ſhort time after, very kindly enquired whether there were any hopes of ſucceſs for me in the proſecution of my ſuit; when the Counſellor anſwered, to his Lordſhip's great ſurprize, that he knew nothing of ſuch a ſuit. Nor, indeed, was it poſſible that he ſhould know any thing of a ſuit in my name; for, as I afterwards found, it was indiſcreetly carried on *then* in the name of the claimants, Mr. Davy's executors, who had even made me a party againſt my own cauſe, by joining me, in their application to the court, with Mr. Calcraft's executors; and this occaſioned the latter's ſending to me when they filed their anſwers.

Lord Huntingdon, juſtly incenſed at my apparent duplicity, wrote me a letter full of the moſt ſevere reproaches; ſaying every thing in it that a generous heart muſt feel, when it ſuppoſes itſelf the dupe of deception. This letter his Lordſhip ſent by his relation before-mentioned, to whom I explained the whole affair; notwithſtanding I was ſo greatly ſhocked at the contents of the epiſtle,

that

that I could ſcarcely ſummon fortitude ſufficient to do it. Duplicity being a crime of the firſt magnitude in my eſtimation, and with which it has ever been my boaſt that I have been totally unacquainted, a charge of this nature, conſequently, could not fail of giving me *uncommon* pain.

Yet my anxiety of clearing myſelf from ſo cutting an impeachment, gave me courage to ſmother my feelings, in order to exonerate myſelf. In doing this, I dwelt much upon the happineſs I had flattered myſelf with receiving from his Lordſhip's promiſed viſits; which, I ſaid, muſt reflect infinite credit upon thoſe he honoured with his acquaintance; as the brilliancy of his talents, his acknowledged ſenſe, wit, and good-breeding, not only rendered him conſpicuous in all the foreign courts, but juſtly entitled his Lordſhip to the encomium paſſed upon him by the late Lord Cheſterfield, who pronounced him "one of the brighteſt ornaments of the Engliſh nobility." This, I continued, cauſed the pain produced by his diſpleaſure to be the more ſenſibly felt.

From the fervent manner in which I expreſſed myſelf upon this occaſion, (for, as I have ſaid before, I know not a medium when my ſenſibility

is awakened,) my viſitor threw out ſomething of an inuendo of his Lordſhip's having formerly been a gallant of mine. I aſſured him that he was miſtaken; which impreſſed his Lordſhip's bounty the deeper on my heart. The moment I had uttered theſe words, the round face of the gentleman loſt its rotundity, and lengthened into an extreme oblong. He immediately aroſe from his ſeat, ſaying, "Then, indeed, it alters the caſe." And muttering ſome words to himſelf, which I could not diſtinguiſh the purport of, he haſtily took his leave.

I wrote ſoon after to Mr. Wedderburne, to deſire permiſſion to wait on him at his firſt leiſure, but was not honoured with an anſwer; which I ſuppoſe was owing to the multiplicity of buſineſs he was engaged in. I was therefore obliged to content myſelf with the hopes, that if ever I ſhould get the ſuit, it would afford me an opportunity of explaining the affair to Lord Huntingdon.—The only mode of atoning for a *real* error, or excuſing a *ſuppoſed* one, is by an open and unreſerved explanation. This is the metbod I have now purſued; and I hope it will tend to imprint on his Lordſhip's mind, if my "Apology" ſhould fall into his hands, a more favourable idea of the

tranſaction

tranſaction than he has hitherto entertained of it. He has, till now, been able to judge only from appearances; and theſe, I acknowledge, have been againſt me. But the foregoing elucidation having now placed every circumſtance in its true light, I flatter myſelf it will reſtore me to his Lordſhip's good opinion, on which I ſet no common value.—I muſt juſt be permitted to repeat, that there is no one living, who can hold even the appearance of duplicity in greater deteſtation than myſelf.

G. A. B.

LETTER XCIII.

Jan. 4, 17—

I THINK I informed you, that upon my leaving Parliament-ſtreet, Lord Tyrawley had taken my ſon Harry Calcraft, and placed him at an academy near Greenwich, in order to be near him when at Blackheath, where he moſtly reſided. His Lordſhip was particularly fond of the boy, whom he ſeemed to think a nonpareil; and was greatly concerned at finding him bent upon going to ſea. But as my young gentleman was not to be contradicted, he was ſent out as a midſhipman on

board a man of war. When he heard of his father's death, he reſolved to quit his nautical employment, which he was now tired of, and turn fine gentleman; a profeſſion he was, indeed, much better qualified for than the former.

About this period Lord Tyrawley died. An incident that did not much affect me at the time it happened, as his Lordſhip's faculties had been ſo much impaired for a long while before he departed this life, that his diſſolution was rather to be wiſhed for than dreaded. It is very ſingular (but I think I have made a ſimilar remark before), that thoſe who are endowed with talents ſuperior to the generality of their fellow-creatures, have moſt commonly the unhappineſs to ſurvive their mental qualities. And in every conſiderate mind it muſt give riſe to the moſt humiliating ſenſations, to behold thoſe we look up to as the phænomena of the age, reduced again to a ſtate of childhood. A circumſtance which fully confirms the truth of Solomon's aſſertion, "that all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit. Or, as Shakſpere finely deſcribes it *,

"Laſt ſcene of all,
"That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
"Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion
"Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing."

* As you Like it, Act II. Scene 9.

Miſs

Miſs O'Hara formally announced to me his Lordſhip's death, and the day appointed for his funeral; which was, it ſeems, fixed for the Sunday following his demiſe. His Lordſhip had ordered by his will, that his remains ſhould be depoſited in Chelſea Hoſpital, among the old veterans who had ſo often fought under his command. As he did not expect that any compliment would be paid him by Government, he deſired that his funeral might be a private one, and half a guinea given to each ſoldier that attended. Miſs O'Hara to obey her father's will, to the *very letter* of it, *read* each man who *had actually fought* with his Lordſhip; and as I believe there was only about twenty-five of thoſe living, they only were directed to attend.

As I ſuppoſed his Lordſhip's funeral rites had been celebrated on the day which had been announced to me, I went into mourning. But ſome days after, having a great deal of company, we went into the drawing-room. We had not been there long, before we obſerved a hearſe ſplendidly adorned with eſcutcheons and trophies of honour. Upon this we all flocked to the windows; and as it came from the undertaker's the corner of Golden-ſquare, we had a full view

of this gorgeous receptacle of the dead. But how great was my aſtoniſhment, when I beheld that the eſcutcheons bore the three Black Lions, his Lordſhip's arms. I was no longer miſtreſs of myſelf. What I could ſupport at a diſtance, upon a nearer view, ſtruck me with the moſt ſevere anguiſh, and overwhelmed me with grief.

Upon enquiry I found, that a public burial had been offered by Government, in order to pay due reſpect to his Lordſhip's memory and valour, but was declined by his much favoured daughter, who alledged the fulfilling her father's deſire, as expreſſed in the will, as a reaſon for her refuſal. I am, however, perſuaded, that could her pride have been gratified without the expence of the half guineas, as every penſioner in the hoſpital, had the offer been accepted of would have walked, ſhe would gladly have conſented. This had occaſioned the ceremony to be poſtponed.

Juſt after this event, my ſon Harry returned from abroad; which, to a mother who loved him to exceſs, was no ſmall happineſs. He continued with me for ſome months; but having the misfortune to connect himſelf with one of the worſt of women, to my no ſmall mortification he removed

removed to a lodging, where he might take greater liberties than he could at the houſe of a parent.

About the ſame period, my eldeſt ſon George Metham returned from America, having there ſignalized himſelf by his courage and intrepidity, particularly in taking a fort of ſome importance with a handful of men; by way of recompence, he was promoted to a company; which, though obtained by purchaſe, was a ſingular mark of diſtinction at his age.

His return made me completely happy for the time, as he was not only the beſt of ſons, but a ſincere friend and affectionate brother. And though he could not boaſt the brilliancy of parts with Harry, he might value himſelf upon the ſtricteſt honour, and one of the beſt of hearts. His firſt care was to aſſiſt me; which he did to the extent of his power. He then went in ſearch of my younger ſon, who had enthralled himſelf greatly; and notwithſtanding he was under age, had got into confinement.

Captain Metham's credit unfortunately was good. He was ſecurity for his brother to a very large amount. And this not only for a ſum ſufficient to exonerate him from debt, but to purchaſe him a commiſſion in the ſame regiment

to which he belonged, as he entertained not the leaſt doubt of his brother's readineſs to go to America. My eldeſt ſon, however, having an opportunity of exchanging, as he thought, to advantage, into a regiment at Jamaica, and having likewiſe obtained the place of deputy governor of Fort Charles in that iſland, he was prevented from attending his brother as propoſed.

The conſequence of which was, that ſoon after his departure, the unworthy woman, who had got an aſcendancy over my younger ſon, prevailed upon him to diſpoſe of his commiſſion and accompany her to France. He there involved himſelf in debts to the amount of twelve hundred pounds, and was once more put in confinement. And in this ſituation he remained for ſome time, till Mr. Williams, one of Mr. Calcraft's executors, a very reſpectable perſon, went to redeem him. Captain Metham's going to Jamaica gave me the moſt poignant grief, as I trembled for a life made doubly precious to me from his being a friend as well as a ſon.

Mr. Woodward was now no longer able to conceal the complaint under which he had ſo long laboured. In conſequence of a fall he met with at the theatre, it came upon him with ſuch force, that

that he was obliged to call in Mr. Bromfield. But notwithſtanding the great ſkill of that gentleman, and his inceſſant attention, there appeared but little hopes of his accompliſhing a cure.

This eminent actor had the year before compromiſed his law-ſuit with Mr. Barry. He had then taken bonds payable yearly for a term of years, at two hundred pounds every March. He had ſome time before aſked me, who I would adviſe ſhould be his executor; as he kindly informed me he propoſed leaving me the whole of what he poſſeſſed, excluſive of the intereſt of a ſum of money in the funds, which he intended bequeathing to his brother for his life. As I had, and with reaſon, the higheſt opinion of the honour and integrity of Townly Ward, Eſq; I immediately named him. He accordingly made the will. And happy had it been for me, had that will ſubſiſted. I ſhould then have received ſome benefit from what was bequeathed to me.

But here again my uſual ill luck attended me. Mr. Woodward had deſired Mr. Ward to get Barry's life inſured, as he alſo was in a decline, and thought to be in danger; but through the multiplicity of buſineſs that gentleman was engaged in, the clerk, who was ordered to procure

the policy, forgot it. Upon the demiſe of Barry, Mr. Woodward was diſpleaſed at the omiſſion; not conſidering the improbability of any office inſuring the life of a perſon, whoſe bad ſtate of health made it ſo very precarious. He, however, immediately applied to a neighbour, whoſe name was Corniſh, and requeſted that he would be one of his executors, and at the ſame time to ſend his attorney to make a freſh will. There were very little hopes, when this happened, of his recovery, as he had been in the moſt excruciating torments for four months, and every day his decay became more and more viſible.

My attention he had every claim to. He conſulted me upon the alteration of his will, which gave me the moſt ſenſible mortification, and deſired me to make choice of ſome perſon to be executor with Corniſh. As I have at all times (which I have frequently had occaſion to obſerve) an inſuperable objection to diſpute about pecuniary affairs, and his illneſs making me apprehenſive that he might take umbrage at my attempting to contradict him, I thought myſelf obliged to ſubmit. I accordingly requeſted William Bromfield, Eſq; to accept the truſt.

I had

I had not, indeed, any particular reaſon to expect the friendſhip of that gentleman. He had attended me at my mother's when I was a girl, for a complaint in my finger, which it was feared would turn to a mortification. And when I was ſo unfortunate as to reſide in Parliament-ſtreet, he had made me a requeſt I could not poſſibly comply with, another gentleman of the profeſſion having every right to claim the little intereſt I had, from the very great attention he had always paid me. But notwithſtanding this, I imagined from his behaviour towards me at the preſent juncture, where I had an opportunity of ſeeing him every day with his dying patient, that I ſhould meet in him an indulgent protector.

I have always had the higheſt eſteem for Mr. Bromfield; and notwithſtanding I have been treated with the utmoſt inhumanity, from the executors refuſing to act, and leaving me totally in the power of their attorney, I acquit Mr. Bromfield; as to my certain knowledge many falſehoods have been repeated to him to poiſon his mind againſt me, by a perſon, in order to prevent coming to a *regular* account.

I am ſorry to ſay, that many are the inſtances I could give of the inhuman treatment I have received

received upon this occaſion. In the firſt place, he involved what was bequeathed to me by Mr. Woodward in two law-ſuits, one with the brother of my deceaſed friend, and the other with the executor and executrix of Mr. Barry, whom he ſued here in England, inſtead of employing Mr. Burton in Dublin, who had the *warrants* to the bond left with him, to enter judgment on Crow-ſtreet theatre, in caſe of non-payment of the ſtipulated ſums. Nor is the account he has ſent me by any means the ſame as that delivered me by Mr. Corniſh, who acted as executor for a time. He neither gives credit for the monies left in his hands, nor for what he has received ſince.

I mention theſe circumſtances, in hopes that ſome gentleman of the law, who is poſſeſſed of knowledge, joined with humanity, will favour me with his aſſiſtance upon this occaſion, and endeavour to reſcue a diſtreſſed and ill-treated woman out of ſuch hands. That there are gentlemen of the law, who are as conſpicuous for their probity and philanthropy as for their abilities, I am well aſſured, notwithſtanding my ſevere ſtrictures on one branch of the *profeſſion* in a former letter.—To ſuch I beg leave to recommend my caſe; and, for their peruſal, ſhall inſert

a copy

a copy of Mr. Woodward's will, from which they will be able to form a judgment of my claims: and I flatter myſelf, that ſome mode of redreſs might be found out and purſued.

To Lord Mansfield, that great luminary of the law, do I likewiſe look up. And I will moſt humbly hope, from his Lordſhip's well-known love of juſtice, and his humanity, that the cauſe of a depreſſed woman will not be thought unworthy of his attention.

Copy of Mr. WOODWARD'S WILL.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, Amen. I Henry "Woodward, of Chapel-ſtreet, Groſvenor-place, "in the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, "in the county of Middleſex, being of ſound "mind, memory, and underſtanding, do make "and publiſh this my laſt will and teſtament, as "follows:

"Firſt, I do order and direct, that my funeral "expences, and my juſt debts, be fully paid and "ſatisfied; and the expences of proving this my "will.

"Item. I give to William Bromfield, Eſq; one "hundred guineas, and my onyx ring; and to my "neighbour,

" neighbour, Mr. Maſon Corniſh, twenty guineas
" for a ring.

" Item. I give and bequeath to my friend
" George Anne Bellamy, my gold watch, chain,
" and ſeals. And alſo my plate, jewels, linen,
" and china, and the whole of the furniture of the
" houſe in Chapel-ſtreet aforeſaid.

" Item. I give and bequeath to my executors,
" hereinafter named, and the ſurvivor of them,
" and the executors and adminiſtrators of the
" ſurvivor of them, ſeven hundred pounds in the
" three per cent. conſolidated bank annuities,
" ſtanding in my name in the books of the Go-
" vernor and Company of the Bank of England,
" in *truſt*, to and for the ſeveral uſes, intents, and
" purpoſes hereinafter mentioned; that is to ſay,
" in *truſt*, to receive the intereſt, dividends, and
" produce thereof, and pay the ſame, as it from
" time to time becomes due and payable, unto my
" brother John Woodward, tallow-chandler, at
" Cripplegate, London, during his natural life;
" and from and immediately after his deceaſe, in
" *truſt*, to ſell and diſpoſe of the ſaid ſeven hun-
" dred pounds three per cent. conſolidated bank
" annuities, and to lay out and inveſt the monies
" ariſing from the ſale thereof, in the purchaſe of
" an

" an annuity to be ſecured in their own name,
" and at their own diſcretion, for and during the
" natural life of George Anne Bellamy. And I
" do hereby direct, and it is my expreſs will,
" intent, and deſire, that my ſaid executors and
" truſtees, and the ſurvivor of them, do and ſhall,
" from time to time, receive the ſaid annuity, as
" the ſame ſhall become quarterly due and pay-
" able, and then pay the ſame perſonally to the
" ſaid George Anne Bellamy; and that her re-
" ceipt alone ſhall, from time to time, be a diſ-
" charge to my executors and truſtees for the
" ſame. And it is my further expreſs will, in-
" tent, and direction, that the ſaid annuity ſhall
" be for her ſole uſe; and that the money ariſing
" therefrom ſhall not be liable to the payment of
" the debts, or to the ſale or aſſignment of the
" ſaid George Anne Bellamy, or to the payment
" of the debts, power, controul, of any perſon ſhe
" may hereafter marry. But in caſe of the death
" of the ſaid George Anne Bellamy in the life-
" time of my ſaid brother, then in *truſt*, from and
" immediately after her death, to transfer the
" ſeven hundred pounds three per cent. conſoli-
" dated annuitites to him, his executors, admini-
" ſtrators, and aſſigns.

" All

"All the reſt, reſidue, and remainder of my "perſonal eſtate whatſoever or whereſoever, that "I ſhall be poſſeſſed of at the time of my deceaſe, "I do hereby give and bequeath unto my exe- "cutors hereafter named in *truſt*, to ſell and diſ- "poſe of the ſame, with all convenient ſpeed, "next after my deceaſe; and with the monies "ariſing from ſuch ſale thereof, purchaſe an an- "nuity, to be ſecured in their own names, and at "their own diſcretion, for and during the natu- "ral life of the ſaid George Anne Bellamy. "And I do hereby direct, and it is my expreſs "will and deſire, that my ſaid executors, and the "ſurvivors of them, do and ſhall, from time to "time, receive the ſaid annuity, as the ſame "ſhall from time to time become quarterly due "and payable, and then pay the ſame perſonally "to the ſaid George Anne Bellamy; and whoſe "receipt alone ſhall, from time to time, be a "diſcharge to my executors and truſtees for the "ſame. And it is my further expreſs will, in- "tent, and direction, that the ſaid annuity ſhall "be for her ſole uſe; and that the money ariſing "therefrom ſhall not be liable to any debts, or "to the ſale or aſſignment of the ſaid George "Anne Bellamy, or to the payment of debts,

"power,

"power, or controul, or diſpoſal of any perſon "ſhe may hereafter marry.

"And laſtly, I do hereby nominate, conſtitute, "and appoint, the aforeſaid William Bromfield, "Eſq; and the ſaid Maſon Corniſh, executors and "truſtees of this my will, hereby revoking and "making void all former wills by me at any time "heretofore made, and hereby declaring this my "laſt will and teſtament. In witneſs whereof, I "the ſaid Henry Woodward have, to this my laſt "will and teſtament, ſet my hand and ſeal, this "20th day of January, in the year of our Lord "1777.

"(Signed)

"HENRY WOODWARD.

"Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared by "the ſaid Henry Woodward, as and for his "laſt will and teſtament, in the preſence "of us,

"ANNE PITT.

"E. WILLET.

"No. 89, Wardour-ſtreet, Soho."

Thus have I laid before you (I addreſs myſelf again to you) the contents of the laſt will and teſtament of my dear departed friend. Nothing can be more clearly expreſſed, or more plainly intended for my benefit, than it is.—One would imagine,

imagine, that it was next to impoſſible to counteract the kind intent of it.—And yet, from the moſt unaccountable perverſion of it, no benefit has, as yet, ariſen to me from it.—Could the worthy teſtator look out from his grave, and ſee what ſteps have been taken, his honeſt heart would bound with indignant pulſations.—But I will not anticipate the circumſtances.

G. A. B.

LETTER XCIV.

January 18, 17—

THE very great attention I paid Mr. Woodward during his illneſs greatly affected my health, as he ſeemed not to be ſatisfied with any other perſon's being near him, or doing any thing for him, but the ſurgeons and myſelf. Indeed, his ſituation was ſo critical, that had he not been treated with the utmoſt care, he could not have been retained in this world ſo long. During the ſeven months of his indiſpoſition, I went into a bed but eleven nights. The eve of his departure I was ſo greatly indiſpoſed, that nature, wearied out, could ſupport it no longer; and I was obliged to retire, leaving him to the care of a gentlewoman who was my intimate, and who, as he

was

was very partial to her, ſhared in giving her aſſiſtance.

He bore this long and painful illneſs with the greateſt reſignation and fortitude. The morning of his death, Mr. Bromfield haſtened out of his room in tears; for upon his ſaying, "God b'w'ye, "Harry!" my dying friend replied, with the utmoſt compoſure, and an affecting tenderneſs in the modulation of his voice, "Farewel! I ſhall "never ſee you more!" When I approached the bed to give him his medicine, he regretted not having ſufficient power to repay my unwearied attention; and then taking me by the hand with ſome agitation, he ſaid, "I am going. Lord have "mercy upon me!" and expired.

Thus ended a man, who was as eminent for rectitude, honour, probity, morality, and religion, as he was allowed great in his profeſſion. And though eulogies to his memory were unneceſſary, his worth, both as an actor and as a valuable member of ſociety, being ſo well known, yet it has been often a matter of ſurprize to me, that among the number of his friends and of his contemporaries at Merchant-Taylors School, there appeared no public tribute to his merit, except ſome lines upon the occaſion written by the reverend Mr. Madden.

Upon

Upon his demiſe, I gave way to that grief I had endeavoured to ſmother during his life-time; and indeed, I muſt have been the moſt ungrateful woman breathing, after the repeated obligations he had conferred upon me, had I not paid every tribute to his memory. So extreme were my ſorrows, that I was immediately ſeized with a fever, which for ſome days rendered me inſenſible.

At this time I was ſtill indebted to Lazarus the jeweller, whom I have already mentioned. His ſon-in-law Solomon being his heir, upon hearing of the legacy Mr. Woodward had juſt left me, applied to an attorney to recover the debt. This attorney, by methods which I find were not at that time uncommon, proſecuted the ſuit, without my knowing any thing of the commencement of it till he had ſued out an outlawry againſt me. He declared that he had wrote to me to demand the debt, but as I never received the letter, I could not anſwer it, and I experienced upon the occaſion, the moſt cruel and almoſt unprecedented treatment.

As ſoon as I was able to be moved, I was adviſed to go into the country, it being thought improper for me to return to my own houſe (in which I had a family of diſtinction,) till my affairs

affairs were ſettled. Accordingly, the upholſterer who occaſionally let my houſe, and who was the gentleman director of the funeral of my worthy friend, was deputed to get me a lodging. He fixed upon one at No. 3, Walcot-place, Lambeth, to which place I removed.

When the miſtreſs of the houſe firſt ſaw me, ſhe apprehended I was ſent there to die. This apprehenſion, and ſome other perſonal reaſons, made her very uneaſy at my having a lodging in her habitation; for though I had never ſpoken to my fair hoſteſs till I entered her houſe, I was well acquainted with her by ſight, and knew her connexions. This occaſioned doubts, which afterwards proved falſe ones. But her chief fear was, that I ſhould die under her roof; of which, indeed, there appeared to be the greateſt probability. So much alarmed was ſhe at this expectation, that ſhe declared ſhe could never ſtay in the houſe after ſuch an event had happened.

How weak muſt be the mind that indulges ſuch timorous apprehenſions! What is there in thy appearance, oh Death! which can carry terror with it to a conſiderate being! We know thou art the inevitable attendant on mortality; and we each of us are ſenſible, that thou muſt ſome time or

or other be our ſure viſitor, and yet we ſtudiouſly avoid every thought relative to thee.—Thy very name raiſes diſagreeable ideas, but the ſight of thee makes the generality of mankind ſhudder. —Death is indeed armed with terrors, when he ſeizes upon his prey in an unprepared ſtate*, "Unhouſel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd, no reckoning made, but ſent to their account with all "their imperfections on their head." Then, indeed, is his approach alarming. But to thoſe who endeavour by a life of virtue and piety, to obtain the favour of the great Judge of the world, he will undoubtedly prove a certain relief from

"The whips and ſcorns of time;
"Th' oppreſſor's wrong; the proud man's contumely;
"The pangs of deſpis'd love; the law's delay;
"The inſolence of office; and the ſpurns
"That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
"With all the natural ſhocks that fleſh is heir to†."

Mr. Bromfield and his brother the apothecary, who attended me, and to whom I take this opportunity of returniug my thanks for their care and attention, came to viſit me likewiſe at Walcot-place. They aſſured the gentlewoman of the houſe, that ſhe need be under no apprehenſions

* Hamlet, Act. I. Scene 8. † Ibid. Act III. Scene 2.

relative

relative to the payment of my lodgings or any incidental expences, as there was money enough.

However, till my affairs were totally ſettled, it was thought adviſeable that I ſhould not make uſe of my own name. The firſt that ſtruck me, was that of Weſt, and which I accordingly adopted. I had, indeed, at that time no right to the name of Weſt; not only upon account of the legal ſeparation which had taken place between the perſon to whom it had once belonged and myſelf, but likewiſe from Mr. Digges's having forfeited every pretence to the appellation, by having once more engaged at the Hay-market Theatre, under the auſpices of Mr. Coleman. Contrary, as you remember, to the condition, on which he was expreſsly permitted to aſſume it.

When I took poſſeſſion of my new lodgings, I found myſelf without money. Having been apprehenſive of diſturbing the mind of my late worthy friend, as he approached the confines of eternity, I had forborne to aſk for any for ſome time paſt. Notwithſtanding I knew that he had a capital ſum in the hands of Meſſ. Drummonds, the bankers; that there was money due to him from Covent Garden Theatre; that Mr. Foote was conſiderably indebted to him; and that Ge-

neral Calcraft owed him four hundred pounds, which I had prevailed upon Mr. Woodward to lend him; yet I rather choſe to borrow money to fee the *only* one of the faculty that attended him who would accept of tribute, than trouble him at that awful juncture.

Upon this occaſion, the celebrated Dr. Fothergill, having heard of my diſtreſſed ſituation, voluntarily lent me a hundred pounds. What greatly enhanced the obligation was, my not being even perſonally known to him. Induced by humanity, for which the *Doctor* was as diſtinguiſhed as for his eminent ſkill in his profeſſion; and having in his youth been acquainted with ſome of my relations by my mother's ſide, who were of his own ſect; as well as from the character he had heard of me from my former lively intimate the Goddeſs of Nonſenſe, but now Mary Wordley, a *teacher* and a *preacher* among the quakers; he moſt generouſly ſent me the money by a gentleman who lived in Theobald's-road, by profeſſion an apothecary, but whoſe name I have forgot.

This debt, as it was attended with ſuch proofs of liberality, I was the moſt anxious to pay of any I owed. I had given at the time, a bond for the money,

money, and with it a judgment; but the Doctor had two much generoſity to think of entering it up. I had formerly borrowed a ſum from Mr. Woodward, for which the upholſterer, who occaſionally let my houſe, drew up, by way of ſecurity, an aſſignment of my furniture. But ſoon after his firſt illneſs, that worthy man delivered me up the paper containing the aſſignment, as a preſent upon his birth-day. Conſequently, Doctor Fothergill was the only perſon who had any claim upon my property in Brewer-ſtreet.

It was not long before Solomon's ruffians took poſſeſſion of the habitation which belonged to my late reſpected friend. Terrified almoſt to madneſs when I received the account, and doubly anxious to pay Doctor Fothergill, whoſe confidence claimed a preference to any other creditor; and at the ſame time to clear myſelf of the outlawry, the very name of which ſhocked me beyond deſcription; I gave a power to diſpoſe of the whole of my furniture both in Brewer-ſtreet and Chapel-ſtreet, in order to exonerate me from thoſe two debts. After this was done, there was ſome balance ariſing from the ſale, but it was not very conſiderable; for as it happened to be the dead part of ſummer when the goods

were diſpoſed of, and moſt of the genteel people out of town, they were ſold to manifeſt diſadvantage.

During the firſt year after the deceaſe of Mr. Woodward, I received at different times from Mr. Corniſh *fifty-nine pounds*, which was all I ever benefited by the kind intentions of my deceaſed friend,; and even part of that was the produce of my own effects. This comparatively ſmall ſum I was obliged to be ſatisfied with, notwithſtanding the money at Meſſrs. Drummond's was immediately called in, as well as all the other monies which were due to him, to the amount of ſeventeen or eighteen hundred pounds. Nor were the debts of Mr. Woodward paid *immediately*, according to the letter of the will; it was at leaſt a year and a quarter after his deceaſe before they were ſettled. Mrs. Crawford has likewiſe been left in quiet poſſeſſion of Crow-ſtreet Theatre, without a ſhilling being paid of the ſtipulated two hundred pounds a year; though by a proper mode of procedure, the regular payment of it might have been enforced.

Thus by the refuſal of the executors to comply with their deceaſed friend's dying requeſt, and the ſtrange conduct of Mr. Willet the attorney, have

have I been driven to diſtreſſes, even greater than thoſe which are felt by a mendicant in the ſtreet. And this, notwithſtanding I might have been furniſhed with a comfortable ſubſiſtence by the enjoyment of that property I had a right to expect. But I refer you to what I have already ſaid upon the ſubject.

The firſt year after Mr. Woodward's deceaſe, I was tolerably eaſy; ſuppoſing that, at the uſual time, the executors would ſettle the affairs. In lieu of which, through the inſtigations of the attorney, whoſe views need no elucidating, they commenced a ſuit, without rhyme or reaſon, as the ſaying is, againſt Mr. Woodward's brother. Among the papers of the deceaſed, they found a bond and note of his, which from having been given long ago, had many years intereſt upon it. It amounted, together, to a ſum that would nearly ſwallow up the legacy left him.

I am well aſſured, from the knowledge I have of my friend's humane diſpoſition, and great diſlike to every ſpecies of duplicity, that the bond was never intended to be put in force; and Mr. Corniſh ſo far coincided with me in opinion, that he promiſed me it ſhould *be given up*; but this was over-ruled by the perſon, who foreſaw

the advantages that would ariſe from a law-ſuit. I *apprehended* the reaſon of the bond's being kept by Mr. Woodward was, to prevent, in caſe of his brother's death, his wife or heirs from being benefited; for his brother had married a perſon whom he much diſliked. And ſo greatly had his marriage offended him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could prevail upon him ever to ſee or ſpeak to him.

It certainly could not be meant, as the will was ſo recently made, that the legacy ſhould be only a nominal one, as it would have been, had ſo large a ſum been deducted out of it. Mr. Woodward was above ſuch duplicity and vain oſtentation. And I muſt add, that I cannot help thinking, though I am not converſant in the law, that as I was the only legatee, and who alone could be injured by it, *my* deſire of giving up the bond and note, would have been a ſufficient inducement for the executors to conſent to it, and a ſufficient authority for their doing it. But this mode of ſettling it, would not have been ſo advantageous to Mr Willet. The ſweets of a ſuit of law would have been nipped in the bud; and he could have found no excuſe to prevent his *refunding*; a term which grates upon the ear of moſt of the gentlemen of his profeſſion.

I lived

I lived a year and a quarter at Walcot-Place, in the lodging that had been provided for me, and a very expenſive one it was, excluſive of my man and maid-ſervant. To ſupport this, I borrowed money upon my plate, and diſpoſed of the few jewels I had left. As I had long ſecluded myſelf from the world, the only acquaintance I kept up, was one female intimate, who reſided in town, and the family where I lodged.

Thus ſtep by ſtep, with more or leſs celerity, according as circumſtances vary, do thoſe, who by their own imprudence, the villainy of others, or the wanton attacks of fortune, are driven from the elevated brow of proſperity, deſcend into the vale of adverſity.—Steep and ſlippery is the road; and ſeldom, very ſeldom, are priſtine heights to be recovered. And the uncertainty of when we have reached the bottom, adds to the horror of the deſcent.

G. A. B.

LETTER XCV.

January 29, 17—

MY youngeſt ſon now came from France upon his being of age; and my eldeſt ſon got leave of abſence, in order to return to England upon the ſame occaſion. When they met, and took into conſideration the ſettlement of ſome of the debts they were mutually engaged for, an unhappy diſagreement aroſe between them. Their diſpute on the ſubject roſe to ſuch a height, that a duel was nearly the conſequence; and nothing but my tears and entreaties could have prevented it. What a dreadful ſituation for a mother, who doated upon her ſons, and whoſe happineſs could alone afford her any conſolation.

Will you pardon me (yet why do I aſk the queſtion? I know you will) if I repeat a few lines from a part I have often performed, and when I performed have moſt ſuſceptibly *felt?* But never do I recollect, that they ſtruck me with greater force than on the preſent occaſion. They are part of the wailings of Conſtance, when ſhe laments the loſs of her beloved ſon. For the whole of the beautiful and affecting ſcenes, I refer you to the piece. And not much ſhort of her's would

would have been my grief, had I been robbed of either of my ſons by this unnatural conteſt. I then ſhould have ſaid with her *,

" Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
" Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me;
" Puts on his pleaſing looks; repeats his words;
" Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
" Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
" Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief."

In a ſhort time after his arrival in England, my youngeſt ſon unfortunately fell into the hands of ſharpers, and loſt very large ſums at play. It therefore became neceſſary that he ſhould go abroad. He accordingly, thro' the intereſt of a friend, got a commiſſion in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company at Bengal. As I was every hour in expectation of having my affairs ſettled, and being put in poſſeſſion of what Mr. Woodward had left me, and as Captain Metham ſupplied me with what money I wanted for the preſent, I had no occaſion to ſolicit any aſſiſtance from him at that time.

Captain Metham, during his ſtay here, contracted a friendſhip with a brother officer, a man diſſipated in the extreme. They lent each other their names; and as this gentleman was poſſeſſed

* King John, Act III. Scene 4.

of an eſtate, though it was greatly involved, it was not difficult to raiſe money upon their joint ſecurity. But, as is frequently the caſe in theſe negociations, they ſeldom got more than forty pounds in caſh for their notes of an hundred. The conſequence of this manner of going on was, that my ſon ſoon found himſelf greatly entangled, and obliged to return to Jamaica.

Juſt before he went, a beautiful young creature called upon me with a letter from him; which, as affording the miſtreſs of my ſon protection, might appear to you and the world, as if I countenanced his illicit connections, and draw on me an additional load of cenſure, I ſhall tranſcribe verbatim.

" My Dear Madam,

" LET my ſituation plead my excuſe for " this. It is to introduce to you a young wo- " man, whoſe greateſt fault is an attachment to " your ſon. I have no reſource left, but to rely " upon my father's generoſity; a faint but only " hope. But though I cannot count upon his " protection, I can on your's; who are too good, " and have too much ſenſe to be offended when " I tell you, *that at this time ſhe is entitled to my* " *tendereſt regards.*

" My

" My circumſtances are ſuch, that I could " not even call on you before I go; but I hope a " few years will amply compenſate for the miſ- " fortunes of this; and that we may both live, till " I have proved in numberleſs inſtances, with " what truth I am

" Your moſt affectionate and dutiful ſon,

" George Montgomery Metham."

London, Dec. 22, 1778.
My birth-day.

My circumſtances at this time were not in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate, but in conſideration of my ſon's requeſt, and the young perſon's ſituation, I promiſed to allow her a weekly pittance, as long as I could afford to do ſo. This, however, it was not in my power to do but for a few weeks.

At the expiration of the time uſually limited for executors to ſettle the affairs entruſted to their care, a truſt of the moſt ſacred and important nature, I waited on Mr Woodward's executors to know what had been done. When, to my inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment, I was informed, that there was no money for me, nor the leaſt room for me to expect any. They added, that

I muſt apply to Mr. Willet, their attorney; as they were determined to be guided wholly by him, and being reſolved not to act themſelves, *they had given their power up to him.*

Having met with this unexpected rebuff, I prevailed upon a friend of Mr. Woodward's to call on Mr. Bromfield, but he would not hear what he had to ſay. I wrote repeatedly to him with as little effect, my letters being referred to Mr. Willet. At length driven by diſtreſs, I called at the houſe of the latter, where I was treated with an inſolence I never before experienced.

He informed me, that he had proceeded againſt Mr. Crawford till he had got execution againſt him. And upon my repreſenting that the warrants to the bonds were in the hands of Mr. Burton of Dublin, he inſolently replied, that indeed he would not croſs the herring-pond. Upon my aſking him when he thought I might expect any advantage, he told me, I had nothing to expect; that the executors had as good a right as myſelf to the effects, if there were any; as I ſhould ſquander it all away, ſuppoſing any advantages were to ariſe to me.

It was in vain for me to remonſtrate with a perſon who could have the effrontery to tell me this.

this. What was to be done I knew not. Mr. Corniſh by this time had retired from buſineſs into the country; and Mr. Bromfield ſtill perſiſted in not liſtening either to perſonal applications or letters; or, if he did, I received the uſual reference to one from whom I had nothing to expect.

Thus were my hopes from this quarter, from which I had the moſt rational grounds of expectation, according to my uſual ill fortune fruſtrated; and that, like many of the former, not through any miſconduct of my own. This conſideration affords me great comfort amidſt my diſtreſſes, and gives me room to hope, that the application I made in my laſt letter to the gentlemen of the law, will not prove ineffectual, but procure me from among them ſome humane and powerful protector.

Finding my diſtreſſes through this diſappointment become ſerious, I diſcharged my man ſervant; which I did with reluctance, as he was very faithful, and had lived with me a conſiderable time. I likewiſe gave up the apartments I occupied at firſt, and went into an upper room in the ſame houſe, as I was unable to pay what was already due.

My

My ſon Metham had promiſed to ſend me money from Jamaica, but I could not expect to receive it for ſome time. I found myſelf greatly diſtreſſed, as I had borrowed money from Mr. Woodward's brother, with the ſure expectation of being able to repay it at the expiration of the year. The faithful girl who attended me would not leave me, and rather choſe to ſhare my diſtreſs. Beſides all theſe diſagreeable circumſtances, I had contracted a debt at a ſhop in the neighbourhood, that ſupplied me with every neceſſary except bread and meat. I had given a note for the ſum, which was now become due, and for which I was threatened with confinement. This was a double diſtreſs to us, as it deprived us of the greateſt part of our ſubſiſtence, and reduced us to the utmoſt extremity of want.

I had now parted with every thing I could raiſe a ſhilling upon; and poverty, with all her horrid train of evils, ſtared me in the face. In this dreadful ſituation, worn out with calamity, and terrified with the gloomy proſpect which preſented itſelf to my view, I endeavoured to perſuade myſelf that ſuicide could not be a crime. I had no perſon to look up to. Every body to whom I was united by the ties of blood, were abroad.

Sir

Sir George Metham had preſented me with a temporary relief; but he, as well as all the nobility, were out of town. Not being poſſeſſed (as I thought) of a ſhilling, nor the expectation of getting one; oppreſſed by debt; without the common neceſſaries of life; an uſeleſs member of ſociety; and the poor girl who had kindly involved herſelf in my diſtreſs, being an aggravation of it; I taught myſelf to believe, that it would be a meritorious action to free myſelf from being, any longer, the burthen I was to the world and to myſelf. I accordingly formed the reſolution to put an end to my exiſtence, by throwing myſelf into the river Thames.

Unhappily in this moment of deſpair, every ſpark of that virtuous confidence in heaven, ſo forcibly recommended in the following lines, was extinguiſhed in my boſom*.

" Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
" Yet never let the noble mind deſpair;
" When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
" The gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
" And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
" By unforeſeen expedients bring relief."

Inſpired by the black ideas which had got poſſeſſion of my mind, I one night left the houſe between

* Phillips.

tween nine and ten o'clock. As there was a door which led from the garden into the road, I went unperceived; for I had not reſolution to ſpeak to my faithful attendant, whoſe anxious eye might have diſcovered the direful purpoſe of my heart impreſſed upon my countenance.

Having effected, unobſerved, my elopement, I wandered about the road and fields, till the clock was on the point of ſtriking eleven, and then made my way towards Weſtminſter-bridge. I continued to rove about till that hour, as there was then a probability that I ſhould not be interrupted by any paſſengers from carrying my deſperate deſign into execution. Indeed, I was not without hopes of meeting in St. George's Fields with ſome Freebooters, who would have prevented the deed of deſperation I was about to perpetrate, by taking a life I was weary of. Nor would this have been an improbable expectation, had I met with any of thoſe lawleſs plunderers, that oftentimes frequent thoſe parts; for their diſappointment from finding me pennyleſs, might have excited them to murder me. A conſummation I then devoutly wiſhed.

Having reached the Bridge, I deſcended the ſteps of the landing-place, with a ſad and ſolemn

pace,

pace, and ſat me down on the loweſt ſtair, impatiently waiting for the tide to cover me. My deſperation, though reſolute, was not of that violent kind as to urge me to take the fatal plunge. As I ſat, I fervently recommended my ſpirit to that Being I was going to offend in ſo unwarrantable a manner, by not bearing patiently the affliction he was pleaſed I ſhould ſuffer. I even dared to harbour the thought, that a divine impulſe had given riſe to the idea; as if "the "Everlaſting had not fixed his canon 'gainſt ſelf-"ſlaughter!"

The moon beamed faintly through the clouds, and gave juſt light enough to diſtinguiſh any paſſenger who might croſs the bridge; but as I was in mourning, there was not any great probability of my being diſcerned and interrupted. I had taken off my bonnet and apron, and laid them beſide me upon the ſtairs; and leaning my head upon my hands, remained loſt in thought, and almoſt ſtupified by ſorrow and the reflections which crowded upon my mind.

Here pauſe a moment, and admire with me the ſtrange viciſſitudes of life. Behold your once lively friend, reduced from the enjoyment of eaſe, affluence, eſteem, and renown in her profeſſion,

to

to the moſt deſperate ſtate that human wretchedneſs will admit of—a prey to penury, grief, contumely and deſpair—ſtanding tiptoe on the verge of this world, and impiouſly daring to ruſh, *unbidden*, into the preſence of her Creator—I ſhudder at the recollection—Let me draw a veil acroſs it, and proceed.

In the penſive poſture juſt deſcribed, did I ſit for ſome minutes, watching the gently ſwelling tide, and blaming its tardy approach. When it pleaſed "the unſeen Power (to expreſs myſelf in "the words of Thomſon) that rules the illimitable world, that guides its motions, from the "brighteſt ſtar, to the leaſt duſt of this ſin-"tainted mould," to interfere and ſnatch me from deſtruction.

I was ſuddenly rouſed from my awful reverie, by the voice of a woman at ſome diſtance, addreſſing her child; as appeared from what followed, for they were neither of them viſible. In a ſoft plaintive tone ſhe ſaid, "How, my dear, can "you cry for bread, when you know I have not "even a morſel to carry your dying father?" She then exclaimed, in all the bitterneſs of woe, "My God! my God! what wretchedneſs can "compare to mine! *But thy almighty will be* "*done.*"

The

The concluding words of the woman's pathetic exclamation communicated inſtantaneouſly, like the electric ſpark, to my deſponding heart. I felt the full force of the divine admonition; and ſtruck with horror at the crime I had intentionally committed, I burſt into tears; repeating in a ſincere ejaculation, the pious ſentence ſhe had uttered, "*thy almighty will be done!*"

As I put my hand into my pocket, to take out my handkerchief in order to dry my tears, I felt ſome halfpence there which I did not know I was poſſeſſed of. And now my native humanity, which had been depreſſed, as well as every other good propenſity, by deſpair, found means to reſume its power in my mind. Impelled by its pleaſing influence, I haſtily run up the ſteps, and having diſcovered my hitherto inviſible monitreſs, gave them to her. I received in return a thouſand bleſſings; to which I rather thought ſhe had a right from me, for having been the means of obſtructing my dire intents.

I now returned to the place where the impious ſcene was to have been acted, and humbly adored that Being, who had by ſuch an eventual circumſtance counteracted it; and for the firſt and laſt time in my life, felt a ſenſation of happineſs from finding

finding there were perſons in the world more wretched than myſelf. I dare ſay my much reſpected * Thompſon's deſcription of the miſeries of human life, will here occur to your recollection, as they do to mine on a review of the incident.

" Ah little do the gay, licentious, proud,
" Whom pleaſure, power, affluence ſurround;
" They who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
" And wanton often cruel, riot waſte;
" Ah little think they, while they dance along,
" How many feel, this very moment, death
" And all the ſad variety of pain:
" How many ſink in the devouring flood,
" Or more devouring flame: how many bleed
" By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man:
" How many pine in want, and dungeons glooms:
" Shut from the common air, and common uſe
" Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
" Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread of miſery.'——

I am apprehenſivce I ſhall tire you with this melancholy account of the extreme of deſpair, into which your poor fallen friend was thus plunged. And yet I flatter myſelf, that an event ſo intereſting to me, will not be conſidered as unintereſting to you. I will, however, think about bringing it

* Thomſon's Winter, Line 322.

to

to a concluſion, and with it conclude this proportionably long letter.

Whilſt I compared my own ſituation with that of the poor woman, whoſe ſtarving child and dying huſband occaſioned her to vent ſo pungently her grief, I received great ſatisfaction from conſidering, that all thoſe who were dear to me, as well from affection as the ties of blood, were in proſperous circumſtances. I had no one to care for, but the poor girl whoſe affection kept her with me, and whom I regarded as my child. Having therefore adored the great Source of Good, for my recent deliverance from the fatal effects of my deſpondency, I prayed that he would pardon the atrocious attempt; and concluded my petition, with begging that he would grant me power to aſſiſt her, and make her future days more comfortable.

Having done this, I remounted the ſteps, and found my mind inexpreſſibly relieved. The gloom which had ſo lately overwhelmed it, was in an inſtant cleared away, and a tranquillity I had long been a ſtranger to, ſucceeded it. Such a ſudden tranſition from the blackeſt deſpair to peace and hope, I was well aſſured could only have been effected by ſome inviſible agent; for I never felt ſuch

ſuch a ray of comfort diffuſe itſelf through my heart, ſince thoſe bleſſed days of innocence I ſpent in my church-regreted convent. "It came o'er "my mind," (as the immortal bard * deſcribes the power of muſic) "like the ſweet South, that breathes upon a bank of violets, ſtealing and giving odour."

G. A. B.

LETTER XCVI.

January 8, 17——

HAVING offered up my adorations to Heaven, with a fervour I had ſcarcely ever experienced before, I returned home. When I got in, I found my poor Sally crying as if her heart would break, leſt ſome misfortune had happened to me. The faithful girl was, however, ſoon reſtored to quiet, by obſerving the gloom, which had lately been ſo apparent in my looks diſpelled, and tranquillity ſeemingly reſtored to my diſtracted boſom. She informed me, that during my abſence, her ſiſter had called upon her, and had lent her two ſhillings. With this ſhe had been out, and bought

* Twelfth Night, Act I. Scene 1.

ſomething

ſomething ſhe thought I ſhould like for ſupper, and ſome tea and ſugar for the morning.

When ſupper was got ready, we ſat down together to our repaſt, with thankful hearts; for ſhe was become more a humble friend than a ſervant; and I cannot remember, even in the moſt elevated ſituation I was ever in, and when my table was ſpread with dainties, that I made a more pleaſing meal. The goodneſs of the poor girl's heart was ſo evident in her waiting patiently for my return, to partake of what ſhe had provided, notwithſtanding ſhe had been long faſting; and gave me ſuch an uncontrovertible proof of her affection, that it greatly added to my regard for her; and then I reſolved, if I was ever bleſt with power, amply to return it.

So intereſted and lukewarm is the ſervice of domeſtics, in general, to their maſters and miſtreſſes, that when their attendance appears to be tinctured with regard as well as duty, they claim every indulgence their ſtation will admit of, and become invaluable. To ſhew my approbation of the conſiderate girl's attention, I gave her leave to paſs the following day with her ſiſter, who had called to invite her; and I was not diſpleaſed at her having ſuch an opportunity of regaling herſelf, as no part of the ſupply ſhe had furniſhed me with remained but the tea and ſugar.

As

As I ſat ruminating, after ſhe was gone, upon my late intended raſhneſs, I heard a gentle tap at the door. Since I had removed to the Attic ſtory, I had, through a falſe pride, avoided ſeeing any of thoſe who had known me in a better ſituation; my ſurprize therefore was very great, at beholding Madam Krudnar enter; and more particularly ſo, as a difference ſubſiſted at that time between a relation of her's and myſelf. This lady is the widow of a Poliſh baron, a moſt agreeable generous woman, and poſſeſſed of the moſt liberal ſentiments.

She had accidentally heard of my diſtreſs, and taken the firſt opportunity to come and relieve me. She gently chid me for concealing my ſituation from my acquaintance, as my being reduced to my preſent extremity, did not proceed from my own miſconduct, but was occaſioned in a great meaſure by the barbarity of the lawyer, who had wantonly expended my property in unneceſſary ſuits of law. She obſerved, upon my relating to her my ſituation, that the debts I had contracted, were in conſequence of the ſuppoſition, that I ſhould be poſſeſſed of an income more than adequate to my expences.

As it was Sunday when Madam Krudnar called upon me, and my maid was gone out, it was impracticable

practicable for me to get any other refreſhment for her than the tea which I fortunately had by me; and with this I entertained my benevolent patroneſs.

Being much indiſpoſed from the vexation and anxiety I had undergone, I now lay longer in bed than I uſually had done. The houſe was remarkably quiet, there being no other lodgers in it. Mr. Willets, the perſon to whom it belonged, was always in the garden when at home; and his ſpouſe was generally abroad, in a great meaſure, I believe to be out of the way, that ſhe might avoid ſeeing miſery, which ſhe had neither the power nor the inclination to relieve.

This was the ſtate of the houſe where I lodged. When, two or three days after, the fair viſitant, I have given you an account of, had honoured me with her company, I heard, in the morning, repeated knockings at the door. Upon enquiring into the cauſe of ſuch unuſal noiſe, I found that it proceeded from a number of perſons who were ſent to aſſiſt me; but having carefully ſecreted myſelf, as I have already informed you, from the world, ſince adverſity had been my portion, I could by no means account for theſe benefactions.

Among others, Mr. Harris did me the honour to call upon me. He kindly enquired, why I had not acquainted the managers of Covent Garden with my diſtreſs; and preſenting me with five guineaes, deſired I would place that trifle to the account; which I took as a genteel way of making me a preſent of it. I muſt inform you, that I am indebted to the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre in thirty, or five and thirty pounds, and to Mr. Harris twenty.

The ſame day I received a viſit from a female, for whom I have a very great regard. This was Mrs. Whitfield, the daughter of Nurſe Carter, whom I have already mentioned as my dreſſer for ſome years. She came with a deputation from Mr. Hull and Mr. Mattocks, offering their joint endeavours to raiſe a ſum, in order to extricate me from the debts which oppreſſed me. I need not ſay, that I readily accepted their generous aſſiſtance, and eſteemed myſelf much flattered by ſuch a mark of kindneſs from the community to which I had formerly belonged.

Upon my accepting the foregoing offer, Mrs. Whitfield made me one from herſelf, which, at the ſame time that it ſhewed her humane diſpoſition, gave proofs of the greateſt diſcretion and judgement,

judgement. She propoſed, if I would grant my conſent, that ſhe would endeavour to raiſe a ſum among her own acquaintance and friends, and from it pay me a guinea a week. This propoſal, you may be aſſured, I alſo gladly accepted, as it would be a prevention not only of want, but of what is infinitely more to be dreaded, *debt*; which, in my opinion, is the earthly Tartarus.

When a perſon whoſe principles are good, unhapily falls into this ſituaton, adieu to all peace and comfort. The reflection embitters every meal, and drives from the eye-lids refreſhing ſleep. It corrodes and cankers every chearful idea, and like a ſtern Cerberous, guards each avenue to the heart, ſo that pleaſure dares not approach.——Happy! thrice happy; are thoſe who are bleſt with an independent competence, and can confine their wants within the bounds of that competence, be it what it may. To ſuch alone the bread of life is palatable and nouriſhing. Sweet is the morſel that is acquired by an honeſt induſtry, the produce of which is permanent, or that flows from a ſource which will not fail. A ſubſiſtence that is precarious, or procured by an uncertain proſpect of payment, carries neither wine nor oil with it.—Let me therefore again repeat, that the perſon who is deeply involved

in debt, experiences on earth all the tortures the poets deſcribe to be the lot of the wretched inhabitants of Tartarus.

I was naturally led to enquire, how the knowledge of my preſent diſtreſſed ſituation had found its way into the world; when I was informed, that an advertiſement had appeared in the public papers, the day before, to the following purport: "That the *female Timon* was in want of the neceſ-"ſaries of life; and thoſe who had formerly par-"taken of her proſperity, ought to bluſh at ſuf-"fering her to be in ſuch a ſituation!" My addreſs was ſubjoined, which brought the benefactions ſo readily to me.

The performers could not be induced by this intelligence to make me the kind propoſal they did, as none of them ever lay under any obligation to me, except Sparks; and he had for ſome years been ſleeping with his fathers. But though many, incited by the advertiſement, pitied my diſtreſt ſituation, yet among all the perſons I had formerly obliged, there was but *one* who felt the rebuke. So very ſcarce an article, as I have already obſerved, is gratitude.

I ſoon had another viſit from my fair friend Madam Krudnar, who was quite charmed to hear that her

her manœuvre had proved ſo ſucceſsful; for to her I now found I was indebted for the diſcovery of my diſtreſs. She congratulated me upon it: but not without reproaching me once more with pride, for keeping my poverty a ſecret. In a ſhort time, I received a ſum from the Theatre, which enabled me to pay moſt of the debts I had been obliged by hard neceſſity to contract. And for ſome time the guinea per week, which Mrs. Whitfield raiſed for me, continued; indeed much longer than I had reaſon to expect.

I was now favoured with a viſit from the juſtly celebrated Mrs. Abington, who adviſed me to take a benefit, and kindly offered her talents.—She at the ſame time lent me her name to a draft for eleven pounds; for which I hold myſelf as much indebted to her, as if ſhe had made me a preſent of the money. The anxiety I experienced till the bill was paid, was inexpreſſible; but I was enabled to pay it when due, by the kind aſſiſtance of a gentleman who formerly belonged to the Nonſenſe-Club I have given an account of. Mr. King and Mr. Smith likewiſe kindly offered to play for me; but as the ſeaſon was far advanced, it was thought adviſeable to poſtpone it till the the next.

At this period I recollected, that I never had received any conſideration for the fixtures in Brewer-ſtreet houſe. I therefore applied to Pollard the upholſterer, who had diſpoſed of them; and was informed by him, that he had paid the produce of them into the hands of Mr. Woodward's executors. But upon my examining Mr. Corniſh's account, I found that no ſuch money had been received from him. Upon which I deſired Mr Willets, the perſon at whoſe houſe I lodged, to call on him; when he ſtill inſiſted upon the truth of his firſt aſſertion, and ſtood in it, that he did not owe me a ſhilling. Incenſed to a degree, at the ſuppoſition of my being ſo unprincipled as to make a demand where I had not a legal claim, I commenced a proceſs againſt Pollard; and though I had the ſatisfaction to gain my cauſe, I would not undergo what I ſuffered from employing ſuch means to recover the money, for ten times the ſum.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, in one of his Lucubrations, ſays, that in moſt villages there is a Mrs. Bluemantle; a tattling goſſip, who makes it her buſineſs to collect all the news of the place, and when ſhe diſpences it abroad, takes care to decorate it with not a few add itions and emendations, which

owe

owe their being to her own prolific brain. During my reſidence at Walcot place I experienced, to my ſorrow, that a Mrs. Bluemantle reſided in that neighbourhood.

A perſon who is married to a man of a genteel profeſſion in London, and has pitched upon that ſpot for her country reſidence, did me the honour to notice me whilſt there. She amuſed herſelf with repeating ſtories of my extravagance, at the time I actually wanted the neceſſaries of life, and was confined to my bed by a ſevere indiſpoſition occaſioned by fretting. It is much to be lamented, that theſe peſts of ſociety are not liable to ſome puniſhment: for though an action of damages might not lie againſt them, they often do as much real injury to ſuch as are unhappy enough to become the ſubject of their ſtrictures, as thoſe who are more unguarded in their mode of expreſſion.

I ſeverely experienced the truth of this; as a gentleman informed me ſome time after, that he certainly ſhould have aſſiſted me in my diſtreſs, had he not accidentally fallen in with this kind and intelligent neighbour of mine, who aſſured him there was no truth in the report of my being diſtreſſed, as I had every day *my bottle and my bird.*

I inſert this circumſtance, in hopes, after it has

undergone your inſpection, of its falling into the hands of my caluminator's daughter. As that young lady probably has books from a circulating library, and theſe letters will undoubtedly be honoured with a place in moſt of their catalogues, there is a chance of her reading them. If ſhe does, I ſhould take it as a favour if ſhe would inform the worthy Mrs. Bluemantle (who is generally too buſily employed about other people's affairs, to have leiſure to read herſelf) that I have heard of her great goodneſs, but hold her calumny in the moſt ſovreign contempt. I have charity enough to hope that Miſs, who ſeems to have no very great opinion of her Mamma, will avoid an imitation of ſo contemptible a character, and take care not to deſerve the denomination I have, with the greateſt propriety, beſtowed upon her mother.

Had I the power of naming the puniſhment which ſhould be inflicted for ſuch a breach of the lawsof truth and humanity, I would propoſe depriving them of the member by which they propagate their inhuman falſhood. Though this infliction might appear a ſevere one, it certainly is not more than adequate to the crime. In my eſtimation, it is of the higheſt magnitude. To repeat ſtories to the diſadvantage of others, even if they are true,

is wrong; but to *invent* falſhhoods wantonly to injure them, certainly requires exemplary puniſhment.

But were the lovers of ſcandel to be deprived of their tongues, they would make uſe of their hands to indulge their beloved propenſity. When they could no longer ſpeak, they would write their cenſures; and were they deprived of the power of expreſſing their malignity by theſe methods, they, like Lavinia, would write with ſtumps upon the ſand, rather than let their neighbours live without calumny.

Finely expreſſive of my ideas on this head, is the complaint of the poor injured Arithuſa in * Philaſter; which, with the alteration of the word *maidden* into *perſon*, to make it more extenſively applicable, I will beg leave to inſert for your peruſal.

" Where may a *perſon* live ſecurely free,
" Keeping their honour ſafe; not with the living;
" They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
" And make them truths; they draw a nonriſhment
" Out of defamings; grow upon diſgraces;
" And when they ſee a virtue fortified
" Strongly above the battery of their tongues,

* Philaſter, Act III. Scene the laſt.

" Oh, how they caſt to ſink it; and defeated,
" (Soul-ſick with poiſon) ſtrike the monuments
" Where noble names lie ſleeping, till they ſweat,
" And the cold marble melts."

You may probably think me too warm in my cenſures of defamation, falſhood, and duplicity, thoſe human failings that are ſo diſcordant to the natural bent of my own mind.—But, as I have before told you (and I believe more than once) that every part of my conduct is generally in the extreme, ſo neither can I feel or expreſs my approbation or diſapprobation in lukewarm terms.—There is a fervour in my manner I cannot controul; and I always ſpeak or write of an action, according to the degree of pleaſure or diſguſt I receive from it.

G. A. B.

LETTER XCVII.

Feb. 16. 17—

AS Mr. Willets, my landlord, had let the greateſt part of the houſe to a large family, I found it very inconvenient to remain any longer at Walcot-Place; I therefore came to town, and fixed my

my reſidence in the houſe where I at preſent lodge.

I preſumed to acquaint his Grace of Montague with my diſtreſs, who immediately honoured me with a temporary relief: and I have upon ſeveral occaſions, been favonred with marks of his Grace's munificence; but theſe would not enable me to ſubſiſt without contracting debts.

I had applied to ſome perſons who were connected with Sir George Metham, but without ſucceſs. I now made application to himſelf, and informed him of the diſtreſſed ſituation I was in. I had, however, in return, only a reproachful letter, pointing out the impropriety of requeſting pecuniary favours. As I never knew a pleaſure equal to aſſiſting thoſe in diſtreſs, when I had it it my power, I thought that others had the ſame feelings. But alas! how few are bleſt with the benevolent minds of a Montague or a Spencer*, with whoſe bounty I am proud of having been frequently honoured.

As I received ſuch incontestible proofs of regard from my contemporaries, I thought I might ſucceed in a benefit. Indeed, the idea was firſt ſuggeſted to me by Lady Lumm. I accordingly applied to Mr. Harris, who, with a generoſity to

* The late Earl.

which I hold myſelf much obliged, not only granted me the houſe, free from the incidental expences, but made uſe of his intereſt with the performers; who, one and all, chearfully lent me their talents, to which I acknowledge myſelf ever indepted.

It was adviſed by ſome perſons who profeſſed a regard for me, that I ſhould appear myſelf. Tho' an abſence of ſix or ſeven years from the theatre, agitated my mind with all the apprehenſions of a new performer; yet when my name was once advertiſed, it was not in my power to recede. And ſo extremely apprehenſive was I the night of the performance, that I would readily have given up all the advantages I expected to ariſe from it, to have been excuſed performing, notwithſtanding they were infinitely greater than my moſt ſanguine hopes could repreſent them to be. This in a great meaſure was owing to Mrs. Yates's appearance after a long indiſpoſition.

I was ſo much intimidated when I was about to make my *entree*, that I believe I ſhould not have had courage to have gone upon the ſtage, had not Miſs Cateley, in a manner, forced me on. To this lady I am much indebted, for the lively ſatisfaction ſhe expreſſed at ſeeing a theatre crowned by the firſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed of the nobility in

the

the month of June. Had the houſe been thus filled for her own benefit, ſhe could not have betrayed more genuine marks of pleaſure. They afforded a convincing proof of the goodneſs of her heart. I had quitted the theatre before her return from Ireland, and conſequently was unknown to her.

The ſtate of Mrs. Yates's health was ſo doubtful, that I was apprehenſive ſhe would not have been able to perform. But the goodneſs ſhe poſſeſſed made her run every riſque to aſſiſt a ſiſter of the profeſſion in diſtreſs. She appeard, amidſt the plaudits of a ſplendid audience in her juſtly admired character of Jane Shore. To this play was added "Comus," in which every performer endeavoured to excel. And they fully convinced the houſe, that they received a ſenſible pleaſure from the opportunity they had, of paying a compliment of their talents upon ſo humane an occaſion.

As to my own exhibition, I believe it was very mediocre. And I hope I ſhall gain credit when I aſſert, as I do, that, to this hour, I do not know how I got through my part; which was, as uſual, that of Alicia. Fear had taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me, that it prevented me from returning my thanks to the audience, and particularly to my

patroneſſes, for the diſtieguiſhed honour they had done me, in a ſhort addreſs I had prepared for the purpoſe.

The weather was uncommonly warm, which made it the more extraordinary, to have a theatre crowded by beauties of the firſt diſtinction. Her Grace of Bolton, in the honour of whoſe patronage I have always exulted, regardleſs of the weather, filled her boxes, as if it had been the depth of winter. I was ſo fortunate as to have my benefit over, the eve of the unhappy riots.

The young woman who had been recommended by my eldeſt ſon to me for aſſiſtance, had perſuaded me to join with her in a note of hand at ſix months date, in order to diſcharge a debt ſhe had contracted. This note had been ſome time due, but I prevailed upon the holder to keep it till my benefit, when it was paid; as was likewiſe every ſhilling of the emoluments I received from it. Though I could ill ſpare the money to pay this note, in my preſent ſituation, yet being in daily expectation of hearing from my ſon, or at leaſt of being reimburſed by the young woman herſelf, when ſhe received the allowance he had appointed her before he went, I kept up my ſpirits.

And this I did the more readily, as his excel-

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lency Comte Haſlang had promiſed to aſſiſt me till my affairs were ſettled, by allowing me a ſmall ſum monthly. The promiſed ſtipend was regularly paid me, for a ſhort time after I removed into Duke-ſtreet; but his lordſhip being attacked by a very ſevere illneſs, I received a letter from him informing me, that the expences incidental to his indiſpoſition, put it out of his power to perform his promiſe at that time, but on a future day I ſhould receive it. What made this diſappointment the greater, was, my being laid up with a fit of the rheumatiſm, which had confined me to my bed for ſome weeks, and rendered me unable to get up but to have the bed made.

Whilſt I lay in this ſituation, a perſon, whom I had known foamerly in a genteel line of buſineſs, but had not ſeen for years, called upon me. She came, *as ſhe ſaid*, to requeſt I would give my opinion upon the abilities of a young gentlewoman, whom ſhe imagined had talents for the ſtage, and wiſhing to appear in Juliet. I told her it was impoſſible, in the ſituation ſhe then ſaw me, to comply with her requeſt; but as ſoon as I was able to leave my room, I would ſend her word, if ſhe would favour me with her addreſs.

having

Having received this anſwer, ſhe withdrew, deſiring me to drink Madeira. Upon my frankly replying, that Madeira was a wine I could by no means afford, ſhe begged I would permit her to ſend me a few bottles, as the lady ſhe wiſhed to introduce to me had ſome particularly good. I thanked her. She took her leave; and I thought no more of my viſitant or her wine, till I was informed that a boy had brought ſome Madeira from Mrs. Stewart, with her compliments. He told the maid he would call for the baſket the next day. Hearing this, I bid her inform me when the boy came, that I might ſend a card of thanks, and reward him for his trouble.

Accordingly, the next evening I was told he was below. But behold, whilſt I was giving the girl the gratification I intended for the boy, two fellows ruſhed into the room, and acquainted me they had an action for a very conſiderable ſum againſt me; adding, that I muſt immediately get up and go with them. I requeſted to know the name of the creditor that had taken ſuch a ſtep. They informed me, and added, that the debt was for linen drapery. I aſſured them that I knew no ſuch perſon, nor had I for years bought any article of that kind, but from Mr. Evans of Mary-

le-bone-ſtreet.

le-bone-ſtreet. It was in vain that I remonſtrated; the debt, they ſaid was ſworn to; and they had even the audacity to tell me, that if I had bail ready, they had particular orders not to take it.

I repreſented my condition, but they were inflexible. I was therefore obliged to make a virtue of neceſſity, and yield to their authority. I then requeſted they would permit me to riſe, without their being preſent. To this they at length complied, but not without enjoining me to be expeditious, as they were in haſte, and I muſt be ſo too. No words can deſcribe my feelings upon this occaſion. To be expoſed to ſuch brutality, without having furniſhed any legal pretence for it, was ſhocking beyond conception. My poor faithful girl was ſo terrified, that ſhe greatly adden to my diſtreſs; for though accuſtomed to misfortune, nothing of a ſimilar kind to this had ſhe as yet been witneſs to.

The fellows ridiculed her feelings; and having planted themſelves at each door, during the time I was getting up, they there gave way to their mirth. In their converſation, they mentioned the name of the female that had viſited me the preceding day. In a moment the duplicity of the woman

woman ſtruck me with all its force. The intent of her viſit was now diſcloſed. The pretended Juliet, the preſent of Madeira, and the calling again for the baſket, were all now plainly diſcoverable to be only preparatory ſteps to the oppreſſive ſcene that was acting. Confounded at ſuch treachery, I could ſcarcely believe my ſenſes; eſpecially as ſhe was a Scotch woman, a country whoſe natives are in general bleſſed with ſincerity as well as honeſty. Nor was it poſſible to account for ſuch an act of barbarity towards a perſon who had formerly ſhewn her many civilities; towards one who never intentionally injured another, even in thought; and whoſe ſituation would claim compaſſion from any being, poſſeſſed of a ſpark of humanity.

As ſoon as I could get myſelf ready, I entered the coach with my honourable attendants, who eſcorted me to Armſtrong's in Cary-ſtreet. The confidence of its being a falſe debt ſupported me. But when I heard the name of the ſolicitor who had taken out the writ, I gueſſed at the deſign of it. Being indebted in a very large ſum to Mr. Stacie at the Bedford Arms, which I was ſecurity for my ſon, Captain Metham, before he went to Jaimaica, I had demanded of this attorney

torney a bond, ſent to his late father, in order to make an aſſignment of it to Mr. Stacie.

I therefore immediately ſent to Mr. Stacie, who ſoon came with his attorney, and having engaged to the officer for my appearance, I returned home without the attendance of my gentlemen uſhers. My little girl felt inexpreſſible ſatisfaction at ſeeing me; and I had the pleaſure to find, that the cauſe of my abſence had not been ſuſpected by any perſon in the houſe. The miſtreſs of it was confined to her bed; her huſband was in Italy; and I had been as much alarmed leſt ſhe ſhould be frightened at ſo critical a time, as I was at the diſagreeable predicament in which I had ſtood.

As the writ was ſoon returnable, and it was not in my power to procure a bail ſufficient for ſo large a ſum, I had no reſource but to give my name into the office of the court of King's Bench: for not being willing to plead the privilege I was entitled to from Comte Haſſang, to a debt of *any kind*, much leſs to one I did not owe, I determined to ſtand trial. I was the more induced to do this, as the affair began to unravel itſelf; by which I found, that the unhappy woman my youngeſt ſon had formerly connected himſelf

himſelf with, in conjunction with another perſon, had prevailed upon an ignorant Iriſhman, who was never worth ten pounds in his life, to ſwear that I was indebted to him a ſum, that he and all his anceſtors, from their ſituation, could never have been poſſeſſed of.

This unwarrantable manœuvre I apprehend, was intended to *intimidate* me, ſo as to get from me a receipt for the bond; for my ſituation, at that juncture, made it extremely hazardous for me to change my apartment. The dread of fatal conſequences, they imagined would induce me to purchaſe my liberty at any price. I muſt here inform you, that the bond in queſtion was given by the relation I have already mentioned, who I brought up from a child, for money borrowed of Mr. Woodward, upon his going to the Eaſt-Indies.

If you will refer to one of my former letters, I forget which, you will ſee, that upon my nephew's going abroad, through the intereſt procured him by Mr. Hoole, Woodward advanced him eighty odd pounds for the completion of his equipment. A bond was given for that ſum by the young gentleman, but, at Mr Woodward's expreſs deſire, was made out in my name; and he would

would never accept of it, as I have reaſon to believe, leſt it ſhould fall into any other perſon's hands but my own, who he was ſure would not ſue for it. This could be the only reaſon for his refuſal, as he ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon my keeping it.

As Mr. Stacie, upon many occaſions, had been very obliging to the young men of my family, as well as to myſelf, I thought the aſſignment of this bond to him as counter ſecurity towards the payment of Captain Metham's debt, was the only means I had, at the time, to prove to him, that though I was deprived of the ability to do him juſtice, I did not want inclination; the bond was accordingly ſent to this attorney's father, who was one of Mr. Woodwards ſolicitors, to be aſſigned over to Mr. Stacie. But that not having been done, I wrote to the ſon, to require it ſhould be immediately delivered up, and in ſo peremptory a manner, that I have great reaſon to believe this arreſt was fabricated, in order to terify me to give a receipt for the bond. There does not appear to be any other inducement for the cruel treatment I received.

Do you ever recollect reading a ſcene of greater cruelty in a civilized country, than that I have juſt

juſt recited? That a perſon who had, as *Orlando ſays, "looked on better days; had ſat at "good men's feaſts; had from her eyelids often "wiped a tear; and knew what 'twas to pity "and be pitied;" ſhould be dragged out of her bed, whilſt labouring under a painful indiſpoſition, hurried, in an ignominious manner, to a place of confinement, at the hazard of her life, and this without any juſt pretence; is an incident that almoſt exceeds belief, and diſgraces the country where the act was committed.

The many inſtances I have given you in the courſe of my ſtory, of the villainy of mankind, will, I fear, degrade human nature in your eſtimation.—But Heaven forbid, that my hard lot ſhould be the lot of *many* of my ſex!—It is true, I have experienced the moſt unkind, ungrateful, and villainous treatement, from ſome of both ſexes; nor have I yet finiſhed the tale of them: but I will charitably hope that my caſe is a ſingular one; and that people in general paſs through life, without meeting with ſo many proofs of the degeneracy of their fellow-creatures as I have done.

G. A. B.

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* As you like it, Act II. Scene VIII.

LETTER XCVIII.

Feb. 22, 17—

AT the concluſion of the ſeaſon, I made application to Mr Younger, acting manager of Drury-lane, to requeſt that the proprietors would grant me a number of tickets; as I could by no means expect the ſame indulgence either from the patentees or performers, I had experienced the year before at Covent-Garden. They were immediately granted; and the late Earl Spencer requeſting his lady to honour me with her patronage, in addition to my former patroneſſes, I met with the ſucceſs I hoped for.

My not hearing from Captain Metham grieved me much. But this did not ariſe from the diſtreſſes I encountered; theſe were but trifling conſiderations, when put in competition with a mother's apprehenſions for a much-loved ſon, deſtined to ſo dreadful a climate. I never doubted for a moment, his aſſiſting me when he had the power, as he poſſeſſed a ſoul of honour above breaking a promiſe to a ſtranger, much more to a parent of whom he was ſo fond.

When I made an application to Sir George Metham,

Metham, as I lately mentioned, for a temporary relief, to which he anſwered, that he could not comply with my requeſt; he at the ſame time informed me, that my ſon, by a fortunate event, had made eight thouſand pounds, and certainly would not let me want. This information gave me more pleaſure, from the proſpect it preſented of his return, than from any pecuniary views; for my apprehenſions daily increaſed, through my not hearing from him.

About this time the female he had introduced to my knowledge, came to inform me, that ſhe had received a letter from him, wherein he deſired his duty to me, and promiſed to write to me very ſhortly. She added, that he had ſent an order for her annual allowance, which ſhe begged I would go and receive at Roſs and Gray's, and, out of it repay myſelf what was due to me. She then told me ſhe would call upon me the next day, and take the overplus; and, to conclude all, ſhe requeſted me to lend her a guinea.

The pleaſure I enjoyed from hearing of my boy's health, joined to the ſeeming honeſt principle in the young woman, would have extracted any money my purſe had contained; I therefore readily gave her what ſhe required. As ſoon as

ſhe

ſhe was gone, I ſet off for the agent's; when to my very great mortification as well as ſurpriſe, I was informed ſhe had received her money that very morning, and ſhe muſt have had it in her pocket at the time ſhe called upon me. I found my reſentment riſe when I heard this; but it exceeded all bounds, upon my being informed by Mr. Price, the perſon who tranſacted Captain Metham's buſineſs, that ſhe had received my letters from him at the time her own were delivered to her, and had ſecreted them.

The cruelty of ſuch a tranſaction, when ſhe muſt be ſenſible of the very great anxiety I ſuffered upon his account, was infinitely more unpardonable than the fraud itſelf. Could I have found her at the time, I ſhould certainly have put the note I paid for her in force; and that more upon account of her barbarity, than even the impoſition which had made me her dupe.

I was going to break once more into complaints, at the ill uſage I am continually receiving from one perſon or another; but I have tired myſelf with the ſubject, and I fear I have done the ſame by you. I ſhall therefore only ſay, I have often wondered at myſelf, that after the many inſtances I have met with of ingratitude and art, I am ſtill

liable to the ſame impoſitions; that I am ſo eaſy a prey to thoſe who are capable of duplicity, and endeavour to excite my humanity by plauſible pretexts. But I apprehend, we always judge of others by our own ſenſations. I am ſure I always do. I ſo deteſt duplicity, that were I unhappy enough to be guilty of the worſt of crimes, I would frankly acknowledge them, and not condeſcend by ſubterfuge or falſhood to diſguiſe my guilt.

At my mother's death I had taken a female, whom ſhe had bred up, and was particularly fond of, and ſent her to France, under the protection of Mademoiſelles Greffiers, in order to learn the art of making mantuas, robes, trimmings, and all the neceſſary appendages to dreſs. I was to pay for her board three years; by the expiration of which time it was ſuppoſed, ſhe would be ſufficiently ſkilled in the buſineſs to merit ſome ſalary beſides her board and lodging. She had voluntarily given ten pounds a year to an indigent mother to help to ſupport her: and the late Lord Hampden allowed this little income, not only on account of the name, but becauſe ſhe muſt have poſſeſſed the eſtate annexed to the name, had ſhe fortunately been of the maſculine gender.

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From the time of my removal to Walcot-Place, I was ſo turmoiled by illneſs, law, hope, fear, and diſtreſs, that I had neither written to her, nor heard from her. And the term I had agreed to pay for, being expired before my arrival, I naturally expected ſhe was ſettled at Boulogne, as aſſiſtant to the perſons I had placed her with.

One day, upon my coming home, I was told, that a tall lady in deep mourning, had called and enquired for Mrs. Bellamy; and that with ſuch a poſitive certainty of her living at No. 10. Duke-ſtreet, that ſhe would hardly be denied. As I ſtill retained the name of Weſt, the perſon who went to the door ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that there was no one of that name who lived there; and as it happened to be a domeſtic of a lodger in the houſe, who was totally a ſtranger to me, he was offended at the enquirer's obſtinacy. My maid-ſervant, as well as the gentlewoman of the houſe being out, ſhe could get no ſatisfaction, and therefore left word that ſhe would call again.

The reaſon I did not re-aſſume my own name after my benefit, was, for fear leſt any letters from my two ſons, who always directed to me by *that* name, ſhould miſcarry. Beſides this, all the trades people in the neighbourhood I dealt

with, make out their bills and receipts in that name to this day: and as thoſe few intimates I had, knew me by no other, but for one benefit night, it occurred to me, that the perſon who called could be no other than Miſs Hampden; I therefore deſired that I might ſee her when ſhe called again.

As ſhe had been aſſured of my reſiding here, by a perſon who had frequently ſeen me at the window, and in a diſhabille, which convinced them I lodged where I did, ſhe returned in the afternoon. I was happy to ſee her. But, upon enquiring into her ſituation, I found ſhe had made no proficiency in the buſineſs to which I had apprenticed her. She acquainted me, that ſhe had very fortunately been recommended as governeſs to a daughter of Lady James, as ſhe ſpoke French fluently, and was thought qualified for ſuch an employment.

During her reſidence in this family, her mother had gone to ſeek a better world; upon which occaſion her patroneſs, who is one of the beſt of women, had preſented her with mourning. The time for which ſhe engaged being expired, and Sir William thinking his daughter of age to ſit always at is own table, wiſhed to ſave the expence

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of a domeſtic in her line, who would now be uſeleſs; they had accordingly diſcharged her, to her great regret. Her ladyſhip, however, had promiſed her the continuance of her protection, and would honour her with a recommendation, whenever ſhe could get employment; but this, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had not much hopes of, as ſhe only knew how to make trimmings, to ſing "*Haut de Villes*," and take the promenade.

I could not help ſmiling at this recapitulation of my charge's talents, and congratulated her upon ſuch brilliant acquiſitions, after ſeven years application to buſineſs. In my turn, I now informed her of my unhappy ſituation, which put it out of my power to aſſiſt her, agreeable to my inclination; but if ſhe would ſhare my morſel, I told her it was much at her ſervice; and if ſhe would ſleep with my maid, ſhe might. The latter offer ſhe declined, thinking, perhaps, that repoſing with a more delicate girl than herſelf, would contaminate the blood of the Hampdens.

Lady James ſoon put the promiſes ſhe had made her into execution. She ſo warmly intereſted herſelf in her favour, and was ſo earneſt in her ſolicitations with Lord Hampden, that ſhe prevailed upon his Lordſhip to advance her a ſum of

money; to which her Ladyſhip ſo liberally contributed, that ſhe was provided with every thing proper to undertake a voyage to the Eaſt-Indies. Thither ſhe went, and I hear ſhe is happily married, and ſettled at Madras.

As ſoon as I was releaſed from my late diſagreeable capture, I went to pay a viſit to Mrs. A——y, who was lately come to England, and reſided in the country. Her reaſon for viſiting this kingdom was as follows: A noble peer, when upon his travels, made her ſome compliments, and paid great attention to her during his ſtay in France; which ſhe, like other fooliſh women, took *tout de bon*. As that lady was now *a young widow*, and poſſeſſed of a large fortune by her uncle's death, ſhe vainly imagined, that a trip to our dear little iſland would be the means of adding an Earl's coronet to her own reſplendent eſcutcheon. She accordingly came over.

But upon her arrival, ſhe did not find that his Lordſhip meant his *fluerets* in the ſame ſenſe they were underſtood by the lady. Being thus diſappointed of obtaining her elevated expectations, ſhe fell from the pompous idea, and exactly verified what I have read in ſome celebrated French author:

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"The heart of a woman is ſo ſuſceptible of "tenderneſs, that ſhe muſt fall in love. The "preference is generally given by them to a red "coat and cockade, perhaps to the tinſelled hero "or buffoon. The ſerious fix their trembling "hearts on the four-cornered cap or band. But "if all theſe fail, they will prefer the *hangman*, "rather than not admire a *public* character."

After I returned from my viſit, I received a letter from this lady, with one encloſed, which ſhe requeſted I would ſend, agreeable to the directions, by the chairman I uſually employed, that ſhe might be ſure it was delivered ſafe; but ſhe ordered, that the bearer was by no means to wait for an anſwer. She had informed me, that, ſince her arrival, ſhe had been at the new opera; when ſhe obſerved that Mr. —— of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, looked remarkably penſive; to which ſhe added, "poor fellow! I wiſh I knew "how to *aſſiſt him!*"

From this converſation, I had every right to believe that the letter committed to my care was dictated ſolely by *humanity*. I therefore ſent the man with it, who, as it happened to be Sunday, had great difficulty to find the gentleman's lodgings. Two days after, an expreſs came to town; but not

finding an anſwer at the place where ſhe had ordered it to be left, a little diſtance from town, the ſervant ſoon after brought me a letter, which ſeemed to be dictated by a Bedlamite. In conſequence of this pretty manœuvre, the lady and I had a breach. She returned to France; and, as I hear, has thrown a large fortune and all her beauty into a cloiſter, where ſhe purpoſes to end her days.

I forgot to mention, that during the ſhort time I was at the officer's houſe in Cary-ſtreet, I met there a perſon whoſe face I thought I had ſeen before; and as ſhe ſhowed me ſome civility, I ſuppoſed, by the eaſe which appeared in her countenance, that ſhe belonged to the houſe, her dreſs being rather frippery genteel.

Whilſt the bail bond was filling up, ſhe informed me that her name was Douglas; that ſhe was of a good family, but from ſome indiſcretions, had involved herſelf in a debt of thirty pounds, which occaſioned her confinement, and which ſhe had in vain endeavoured to raiſe. You know humanity is ſo predominant a propenſity in my mind, that it may even be termed a foible; you will not wonder, therefore, that I felt an inclination to aſſiſt her; but going out of town for a few

days

days upon a viſit to Mrs. A——y, as I have juſt mentioned, it was totally out of my power to pay any attention to her.

Upon my return I found a letter from her. I ſent an anſwer to it, and therein adviſed her to write to a noble duke, who is poſſeſſed of humanity in the higheſt degree. She did ſo, but received no anſwer. She was ſoon after liberated by what was then termed a fire ticket, which was ſent by an unknown hand. As ſoon as ſhe found herſelf reſtored to freedom, ſhe came to me; and as I always ſuppoſe perſons to be what they ſeem, and there appeared to be ſo much candour in her manner of telling her ſtory, I took her to be with me, and the ſtrongeſt intimacy was formed between us.

Methinks I hear you ſay, inſpired by a preſentiment, from a few words I have let drop, of what is likely to be the conſequence of this haſty attachment, "Will nothing make you wiſe?—Will "not the many inſtances of ingratitude and du- "plicity you have already experienced, guard you "againſt a repetition of them?—How many more "inſtances have you to tell me of? for you lately "ſaid the number was not complete."—Have a little patience; and as I now draw towards a con-

cluſion of my long ſad ſtory, the latter part of your queſtions will ſoon be anſwered. With regard to your firſt quere, "Will nothing make you "wiſe?" I can only ſay, I fear not; if the wiſdom you mean is to be purchaſed with the annihilation of that humane ſuſceptibility which has ever been my pride and my delight.

G. A. B.

LETTER XCIX.

March 1, 17—

IN ſome ſhort time, there appeared a paragraph in the public papers, which mentioned, that the names of all thoſe who had ſurrendered themſelves, or had been ſet down in the books of the King's-Bench, would be publiſhed in a pamphlet. Alarmed at having my name enrolled with many who had cauſed theirs to be ſet down, and provided themſelves with fire tickets, for fraudulent purpoſes, I wrote a letter to Mr. Woodfall, to prevent it, if poſſible. I therein acquainted him with the real fact. I fully explained the circumſtances of the arreſt, and requeſted that my name might not be inſerted, as the next term would conclude

conclude the affair; an affair which had been productive of ſo much vexation to me. But to my very great mortification, when the black liſt came out, I found Mrs. D——s and myſelf not in the moſt pleaſing company.

The people of the houſe where I reſide had, till now, entertained no ſuſpicion of what had happened; but when they ſaw my name publiſhed, they were not a little alarmed. They apprehended that I ſhould avail myſelf of being in the ſituation of a priſoner, which every perſon in the liſt pretended they had a right to. I, however, ſoon convinced them of their error, by giving them demonſtrative proofs that I was incapable of ſuch baſeneſs.

I never in my life felt myſelf in ſo humiliating a ſituation, as at the bare ſuppoſition of being ſo baſe as to take means of ſuch a nature to releaſe myſelf from juſt debts. Let the poor unfortunate man or woman, who by loſſes in trade, or by ſimilar misfortunus, are reduced to a ſtate of inſolvency, take advantage of theſe opportunities to regain their liberty, and to be reſtored to their families and avocations; but all others, in my opinion, ought to be precluded from the advan-

tages. The difficulty, indeed, lies in drawing the line.

Had the people where I lodged been perfectly acquainted with my character and principles, they would have known that I poſſeſſed a mind ſuperior to every diſhoneſt purpoſe. As I had not exonerated myſelf from my debts when I was ſo greatly involved, as I have given an account of, I could hardly think of ſuch a meaſure, when I owed comparatively little to what I did then, and had been ſo greatly indulged by my honeſt creditors.

I had wrote to my ſon Metham, to inform him of the ingratitude of the woman he had recommended to my notice, and of her having ſecreted his letters; but, to my very great ſurpriſe, had received no anſwer by the pacquet, though, in courſe, I might have had one by it. I was perfectly ſatisfied of his rectitude, duty, and affection; and was convinced that ſuch treatment would have claimed his attention, had all been well; I therefore was extremely apprehenſive for his health. My fears made me imagine the worſt; and, as they had done in many other caſes, they now proved prophetic.

Upon

Upon being diſappointed of hearing by the pacquet, I wrote to Sir George, to enquire if he had received any intelligence; and by the return of the poſt had an anſwer. Obſerving that the ſeal was black, it was ſome time before I had courage to break it open; but when I had done ſo, and read, "Now ſummon all your fortitude," it became unneceſſary to ſee the reſt of the contents. The letter inſtantly dropped out of my hand, and I fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.

When I recovered, I found the miſtreſs of the houſe, and ſome others whom ſhe had called to my aſſiſtance, drowned in tears. But tears refuſed me their aid; and through the want of the relief they uſually afford in extreme grief, I was nearly choaked by the violence of mine. My feelings were really inexpreſſible. I could admit of no comfort. This, of all my afflictions, was the ſevereſt; and it was rendered more pungent, by the hopes I had encouraged of ſoon having the happineſs to ſee him; and in him all that a fond mother could wiſh or expect.

Thus did I loſe a kind ſon, an indulgent friend, and an invaluable protector, and was left deſtitute of comfort or ſupport.—What a ſucceſſion of troubles, as you have ſeen, have been my portion!

With

With truth does the king* exclaim in Hamlet, "When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies, "but in battalions."—My other ſon was in the Eaſt-Indies, and my fears, heightened by the conſideration juſt quoted, raiſed ſuggeſtions in my mind, that I might be at that moment *childleſs*; for as to my daughter, I did not, nor could I, after her behaviour ſince my diſtreſſes have come upon me, look upon her in the light of a child; as ſhe had ſhewn herſelf to be unnatural, and the true daughter of a Calcraft. I can ſay, with Lear†, "She has tied ſharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, "like a vulture, to my heart."

My intimate companion wrote to Sir George Metham, to inform him of my deplorable ſituation, and at the ſame time to let him know that I had not ability to pay the laſt reſpect to my much-lamented ſon. Sir George did not condeſcend to anſwer her letter. I ſhould have wrote myſelf, but was unable, a fever having been the conſequence of the agitation of my ſpirits; and when the violence abated, it became an intermittent.

As ſoon as I could hold a pen, I wrote to him myſelf, requeſting that he would enable me to go into mourning; when, to my great mortification,

* Hamlet, Act IV. Scene 5. † King Lear, Act II. Scene 11.

he

he returned for anſwer, that it was not in his power, as his own expences called for all he had ſaved from the ruin of his fortune. This denial was the more unkind, and gave me a greater degree of pain than it otherwiſe would have done, as the motive of my requeſt ought to have been felt as much by a father as a mother, for a ſon of whom he had reaſon to be proud; inſtead of diſſipating his fortune and time upon diſſolute characters, who make him, by all accounts, the ſubject of indecent mirth. Old age and levity will always be the contempt of the thinking part of the world, and the object of laughter to thoſe who profit by their folly.

I did not know what to do, or how to procure the neceſſaries that decency and affection rendered ſo needful. In this dilemma, I once more applied to Mr. Stacie, who kindly lent me ſufficient for my equipment; and advanced me beſides ſome money upon two portraits, which I had juſt received from Mr. Woodward's executors. Theſe portraits Mr. Willet, the attorney, had aſſured Mr. Bromfield that I *had* received *four years* before I *did* receive them. You may judge from this circumſtance, that my complaints againſt him are not totally without foundation: on the contrary,

it

it will ſerve as a corroboration, were any neceſſary, though in itſelf of *comparatively* trifling importance, that I do not complain without reaſon.

I was adviſed to petition the Lords of the Treaſury, for leave to adminiſter to my late ſon. Upon application to Lord Palmerſton, his Lordſhip condeſcended to write to me. He adviſed me not to think of ſuch a ſtep, unleſs I was ſure there were effects ſufficient to anſwer the great trouble and expence which would attend it. As I had received information that Captain Metham had diſpoſed of his commiſſion, and the purchaſe-money was depoſited in the hands of his agents Grey and Ogilvie; and that he had propoſed coming to England, in order to purchaſe into the guards; I could not help thinking, with thoſe who adviſed me to adminiſter, that there certainly were effects in Jamaica. And in this opinion I was confirmed by the intelligence I had ſome time before received from Sir George Metham, of his ſon's having fortunately acquired eight thouſand pounds, as already mentioned.

As I was convinced that he had nothing to induce him to make a will, till that eventual ſtroke of fortune had taken place, I was the more inclinable

clinable to adminiſter as his mother: and this not only for the emoluments I might receive, but from a deſire to pay all the debts he had contracted here, exonerate his memory, and, at the ſame time, clear myſelf from the heavy obligation I had entered into with him.

Inſtigated by theſe motives, I perſevered in my deſign, and, after ſome months application, got Mr. Goodfleſh, a principal creditor, to intereſt himſelf in it. That gentleman prevailed upon Mr. Buckle, his attorney, to enter into an engagement for me at the commons, that I ſhould pay as far as the aſſets would admit, firſt repaying myſelf the expences which had been incurred. After much trouble, letters of adminiſtration were granted; when, to my infinite ſurpriſe, I was informed by Mr. Barry, General Dalling's ſecretary, that there was a will, and of which he would ſend me a copy.

This has put it out of my power to act under my letters of adminiſtration, and conſequently prevented me from taking any ſteps towards paying his debts. Beſides which, it has involved me more than ever. The agents have refuſed to give me any account; and notwithſtanding I have, for theſe three years, repeatedly wrote to ſeveral perſons.

perſons at Jamaica, I have never been able to get any account whatſoever of the real ſtate of his circumſtances. And I am ſtill at a loſs, from the many different reports, to gueſs whether he died in circumſtances, or inſolvent.

Thus continually diſappointed in all my expectations, the ſport of fortune, and the ſlave of misfortune, I knew not which way to turn myſelf. However, to my no ſmall ſatisfaction, his Excellency Comte Haſlang about this time recovered from his late indiſpoſition, and promiſed to renew the little income he had allowed me. The affliction I had undergone, had greatly impaired my health, but my ſpirits more. Whatever aſſiſtance I from time to time received, was devoted before it came into my hands. I once more applied to the proprietors of Covent-Garden theatre for tickets, which Mr. Harris kindly granted me. But from a miſtake in the night, and an alteration in his play, his kindneſs had not the deſired effect. I received, indeed, twenty guineas from Mrs. Armſtead for a box; and what adds to the obligation is, that I have not the pleaſure of knowing her perſonally, though I have reaſon to be well acquainted with her liberal heart. At this period Comte Haſlang had a relapſe, which gave me great uneaſineſs.

Every

Every thing now ſeemed to tend to augment my diſtreſſes and unhappineſs.—No ſooner did a new hope of extrication from my difficulties ſpring up, than it evaporated, and ſhewed that it had only been an empty bubble.—Every friendly twig that preſented itſelf, and ſeemed to promiſe relief, broke on the firſt preſſure, and I found myſelf rapidly hurried away by the tide of misfortune.—Theſe obſervations recal to my memory a ſaying of my dear mother's, which I will give you, and with it conclude my letter. She uſed to tell me, when I was in very different circumſtances from what I am at preſent, that *Fortune* had knocked ſo often at my door, and ſo often been denied admittance, that ſhe much feared the fickle dame would ſend an ugly relation of hers to call upon me, a *Miſs* of her name; who, when ſhe came, would be ſo bold an intruder that ſhe would not take a denial. I have woefully experienced her aſſertion. *Miſs*-fortune has, indeed, called upon me, nor could I ſhut the door againſt her.—She has not only been a viſitor, but is become an inmate with me.—And I have been obliged, ſorely againſt my inclination, to keep this maiden lady company.

G. A. B.

LETTER C.

March 9, 17—

THE failure of what was promiſed me as a ſupport till my affairs were ſettled, and which I depended upon, but which was again put a ſtop to by Comte Haſlang's relapſe, ſtill left me involved. I immediately leſſened my expence, and removed to a cheap lodging, which I had formerly occupied, till I could afford a better ſituation.

In order to exonerate myſelf from debt, I accepted of a propoſal made me by Mr. Woodward's brother, of diſpoſing of the money in the three per cent. conſols, the intereſt of which he was to receive for his life. What made his propoſal ſeem the more eligible, was, that Mr. Willet had repeatedly aſſured us, that if we filed an amicable bill for this purpoſe, he would by no means oppoſe it.

We accordingly brought the requeſt before the Barons of the Exchequer; and as we concluded there would be no oppoſition from the executor's attorney, we did not retain counſel to ſhew cauſe, and ſet forth the reaſons of our petition. But, to the perfect amazement of the ſolicitor employed by

by Mr. Woodward and myſelf, Mr. Willet uſed every argument in his power to prevent the bill from paſſing. He aſſured the court, that the petition was contrary to the letter and intent of the will; which was meant to tie me up, ſo as to prevent me from parting with the leaſt tittle of what was bequeathed me, as the teſtator wiſhed to guard againſt my extravagance, of which he had the greateſt apprehenſions. Upon this the bill was diſmiſſed.

What could occaſion ſuch an alteration in Mr. Willet's ſentiments, and excite him to ſuch a wanton piece of cruelty, I am at a loſs to determine; unleſs it was the fear of being obliged to come to *a regular account*, which it ſeems our ſolicitor had at the ſame time prayed for, and he muſt have ſubmitted to, had our petition been granted; or elſe that he might have the pleaſure of expending a little more of the money which was bequeathed me, upon another law-ſuit, to his own emolument. But this was of a piece with the reſt of his conduct; and will, I truſt, meet, ere long, with the cenſure it deſerves. The conſequences of this unexpected diſappointment were, that I became more deeply involved, and was obliged in my turn to diſappoint ſeveral

I was

I was indebted to. For ſo certain was I of meeting with no obſtruction to the ſuit, that I had promiſed to pay ſeveral ſums I had been neceſſitated to obtain credit for.

From theſe accumulated circumſtances, my diſtreſs was become ſo urgent, that notwithſtanding the reſolutions I had made, not to trouble his excellency any more, I found myſelf obliged to apply again to Comte Haſlang. The indelicacy of the meaſure, I acknowledge, hurt me much; as I had every reaſon to ſuppoſe, the generoſity of his excellency would have prevented any ſolicitation, had it been convenient; for nature had bleſt him with the moſt liberal ſentiments, ſuch, indeed, as often involved him in very great difficulties. And as I had no reaſon to doubt his friendſhip, after ſuch repeated inſtances of it as he had ſhown me, cruel neceſſity could alone have forced me to obtrude my diſtreſs again upon him.

Friendſhip with women, is ſaid to be ſiſter to love. You may, therefore, or at leaſt the world might, be induced to ſuppoſe it was a kind of *friendſhip*, which is ſo nearly a-kin to love, that ſubſiſted between the Comte and myſelf. But it is my boaſt, and upon reflection a ſource of happineſs

pineſs to me, amidſt the cenſures that have been paſſed upon my conduct, that I have been bleſt with the *diſintereſted* friendſhip of ſome of the moſt conſpicuous and ſhining characters which have appeared in the ſenate, the cabinet, the drawing-room, and the green-room.

And this enviable diſtinction, I can only impute to my invariable ſincerity and philanthropy; together with my never aſſuming any ſuperiority of underſtanding—a vanity that two many females are apt to indulge, when they happen to have tolerable talents joined to reading; and more particularly ſo, if they are gifted with retention.—By not laying claim to praiſe, every little ſally of mine had ten times the effect it would have had, if I had ſet myſelf up ether as a wit, or a woman of literature and underſtanding.

Pardon the ſeeming egotiſm of this declaration; it does not, I aſſure you, proceed from vanity, but from a deſire to convey to my fair country-women my ideas on this ſubject.—They may be aſſured, that a modeſt diffidence will give a luſtre to their accompliſhments, which the moſt oſtentatious diſplay of them cannot do.—The leſs pretentions our ſex make to a ſuperiority of talents

lents and underſtanding, ſo much the greater will be the reſpect and admiration beſtowed upon them, by thoſe who have the *undoubted ſuperiority*.

The next day, being Sunday, I went to Golden-Square, and had the infinite pleaſure to ſee the Comte ſo far recovered, as to be able to attend divine ſervice in the chapel, where he had not been for ſome months. After his Excellence returned from chapel, I had the happineſs of hearing from him, that his health was wholly reeſtabliſhed, and that he had not been ſo well for the laſt thirty years. He then told me, that he propoſed doing me the honour of a viſit very ſoon, and deſired I would ſend my ſervant, the Thurſday following, for an anſwer to the application I had made to him. To which he was pleaſed to add, that it gave him very great concern to have ſuffered me to remind him of his promiſe.

I was moſt ſincerely happy at the Comte's recovery, as I was not only attached to him by obligations, and a ſeries of many years profeſſed friendſhip, but had a very great perſonal reſpect and regard for him. And I felt an additional ſatisfaction upon this occaſion, when I conſidered, that

that I ſhould be at once able to pay the demands I was preſſed for, and have beſides ſome little income to ſupport me, till ſuch time as my affairs were ſettled; when I ſhould no longer be obliged to intrude upon the generoſity of a friend, who had given me ſuch repeated proofs of his munificence.

According to his Excellency's appointment, my little faithful maid, exactly at twelve, tripped away to Golden-Square, with a certainty of my wiſhes being gratified: and with the pleaſing hope of ſeeing her old friend and patron, who had always been particularly partial to her. And I myſelf was ſo very ſure of receiving the relief I expected, that I inſiſted upon a female intimate, who was juſt come to town, ſtaying dinner.—But how could I think of expectations being fulfilled in this world of uncertainty!—I who had ſo often experienced diſappointments!

When my meſſenger returned, I eagerly held out my hand to receive the anſwer I doubted not but ſhe had brought. When inſtead of delivering me the wiſhed-for bounty, ſhe exclaimed, "there is "no anſwer; you have now loſt your only friend; "the Comte is dead." Thunderſtruck at ſuch an unexpected piece of intelligence, I could not cre-

dit what I heard. I therefore immediately ran with all ſpeed to his houſe, where, to my inexpreſſible grief, I found the information too true. The deſtroying angel had adminiſtered the three fatal drops the day before. *.

As there was ſomething very ſingular in this nobleman's death, which happened ſuddenly and unexpectedly, after his almoſt miraculous recovery, I think you will not be diſpleaſed with the recital. After I had taken my leave of the Comte on the Sunday, he ordered his chariot that he might pay a few viſits, in part of the numberleſs ones he was, through his long indiſpoſition, indebted. It being a very bleak day, ſome of the domeſtics requeſted his Excellency to poſtpone his intention till the weather was milder; but he perſiſted in his deſign, alledging,

* The ancient as well as ſome modern Jews maintain, that the exterminating Angel, as ſoon as the Lord has given commiſſion for the death of any perſon, hovers over the head of the deſtined mortal with a ſword in his hand, at the point of which hangs three drops of gall. The object beholding this terrifying preparation, being ſuddenly diſmayed, opens his mouth; when the Angel of Death adminiſters the fatal unction, which has the following effect: the firſt drop deprives him of life; the ſecond occaſions a livid paleneſs; and the third reduces the Cadavre to duſt in the grave. Calmut Diſſert. ſur le Defaite de l'Armees de Sannach.

that

that it would ſcarcely be poſſible for him to return all his ceremonious viſits of thanks before the birth-day.

He accordingly ſet off. But in his tour, one of the horſes falling, he was obliged to let down the glaſſes of his carriage till the creature could be got up. To do this took ſome conſiderable time; during which, the eaſterly wind blew directly in his Lordſhip's face; a circumſtance, which was ſure to be attended with fatal conſequences to a perſon who had not been out of his room for many months, and was juſt recovered from a complaint, ſo inveterate and dangerous, as to make his reſtoration almoſt a miracle.

At night he complained of cold. The next day he was ſeemingly better. But the following, the death warrant was announced; and I am incredibly informed, that inſtead of his being permitted to breathe out his laſt reſpirations in peace, he was tiezed into ſigning a will to the prejudice of his ſon, the preſent Comte, who is an honour to his country, and of whom I have often heard his father ſpeak in the moſt affectionate terms; declaring, that he was the beſt of children, and that he eſteemed himſelf much obliged to him; but, as a mark of parental affection, it

certainly would have been pleaſing to ſo good a mind as he is bleſt with.

The young Baron, the Comte's executor and heir, ſuffered himſelf to be totally guided by the perſons about him; as by all accounts he is polite and of a good diſpoſition. Theſe endowments, indeed, generally render the poſſeſſors more liable to the impoſitions of deſigning perſons. In conſequence of this, many indecencies were ſhown to the poor remains of this venerable member of the *corps diplomatique*, as well as to his chaplains and his old domeſtics. The firſt were gentlemen of exemplary piety, ſound learning, and of orthodox principles: but the chaplain who was introduced over their heads, behaved to them with ſuch unmannerly arrogance, as would have been illiberal in the higheſt degree, if ſhown even to inſolent lackeys.

This behaviour ſoon obliged them to quit the chapel; and would have been the means of its being totally deſerted had it not been for the timely arrival of that juſtly celebrated Iriſh luminary, Father O'Leary; whoſe patriotic ſentiments, united to his unaffected piety, have done almoſt as much good, as the ignorance and blunders of many of his countrymen have been productive

ductive of miſchief. I would here again remark, as I think I have done once before upon a ſimilar occaſion, that I would not wiſh to throw a general odium upon the Catholic clergy of Ireland by theſe ſtrictures. I make no doubt but there are many as good, though few as conſpicuous as the gentleman I have juſt mentioned. And I muſt repeat, that it is with great pleaſure I recollect, that I formerly had the happineſs of knowing Mr. Richardſon and Mr. Archer, who were likewiſe patterns of piety and learning, and were an honour to the tenets they profeſſed.

As to the remains of my much reſpected friend, inſtead of having the honours paid him which were due to his dignity and high rank, he was depoſited in the common burial ground of St. Pancras; and for many months without even a ſtone, or any memorial to point out where he lay. This degrading treatment affected me the more, as his Excellency had ſhown much diſſatisfaction at his old houſekeeper's being buried in that place. He expreſſed himſelf with ſome aſperity upon the occaſion, ſaying, "I would pay more reſpect to "the remains of a dog that I valued." And it was not without great difficulty, he could be brought to conſent to her interment there, even

when he was informed it was by her own expreſs deſire. Poor man! what would he have ſuffered, could he but have known that his own earthly remains would be depoſited in a place to which he had ſo great a diſlike? It is true, that * "the mean and mighty, rotting together, have "one duſt; yet Reverence, the Angel of the "world, doth make diſtinction of place 'twixt high and low."

All his dignities and honours could not ſecure him from repeated inſults. For in addition to the foregoing, a chaplain, whom he had diſmiſſed, and who had publicly affronted him, including *his whole family*, was immediately ſent for, to fill up one of the vacancies.

I have dwelt much longer upon this ſubject, than otherwiſe I ſhould have done, as the event, has occaſioned great ſurpriſe and much enquiry. And though the reſpect I bear the memory of ſo worthy a man, and ſo good a friend, might be ſuppoſed to make me partial, I can truly affirm, that I have recited the circumſtances of his diſreſpectful treatement, and unſeemly exit from the ſtage of life, after he had trod it ſo long, and in ſo irreproachable a manner, without the

* Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene 4.

leaſt

leaſt exaggeration. Indeed, I have mentioned it with far more lenity than the ſubject deſerves.

The accumulated misfortunes, by which I was now overwhelmed, made me almoſt deſpair of ever conquering them. But upon my going to hear the Comte's funeral ſervice, it was ſo perfectly and awfully performed by two of his *Lordſhip's own Chaplain's*, that, ſtruck with reverence and ſubmiſſion, I found myſelf enabled, by divine Providence, to bear whatever might happen, with fortitude and reſignation.

So totally was I immerſed in thoſe thoughts which the ſolemn ſcene excited, that I did not obſerve that the pew of the deceaſed was filled with ladies; an indelicacy that was remarked even by the ſtrangers, whom curioſity had led to ſee the ceremony. It certainly would have greatly added to the ſolemnity, had his ſeat been left vacant; as the regret of the congregation would have received no little augmentation, from turning towards it the brimful eye, and miſſing the noble owner, who ſo lately as the Sunday before had graced it.

My ſorrow at the recollection of the loſs of this good friend is ſtill ſo lively, that had I not reached the uſual length of my letters, I ſhould

here be obliged to lay down my pen and conclude this.

G. A. B.

LETTER CI.

March 13, 17——

IN the diſtreſsful embarraſſment to which I was now reduced, I adverti ſed for a place as houſekeeper, or attendant upon an elderly lady or gentleman. As I had been accuſtomed to a ſick-room, was naturally tender to thoſe who are indiſpoſed, and had acquired much experience from the illneſſes of ſeveral of my friends, as related, I flattered myſelf I ſhould not fail to pleaſe whoever ſhould honour me with the acceptance of my offered ſervice.

As I ſtill retained the name of Weſt, I imagined that my having been formerly upon the ſtage, as well as the character for extravagance which had been imputed to me, would not prove an impediment to my ſcheme: and if it ſhould afterwards be found out, I truſted, that my utility, and unremitted attention in my new employment, would endear me ſo much, that it would rather

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be a circumſtance in my favour than diſfavour. So ſanguine was I of meeting with ſucceſs in this application, that all my thoughts were employed in forming an under-plot to my piece; which was to introduce my partner in misfortune (to whom I was now conſiderably indebted) into a ſimilar ſituation. But to our very great mortification, though I frequently repeated the advertiſement, to the viſible decreaſe of my nearly exhauſted finances, I found I had nothing to hope from my new adopted ſcheme. Not a ſoul ever enquired after the advertiſer, notwithſtanding ſhe could have rendered herſelf ſo ſerviceable.

So much do the news-papers now abound with offered ſervices of this kind, that I believe the greateſt part of them meet with the ſame fate mine did. They, indeed, anſwer more than one good purpoſe; for in the firſt place they tend to the increaſe of his Majeſty's revenue, and in the next, to the emoluments of the proprietors of the papers: though this affords very little conſolation to the poor wretches who embark their laſt ſhilling upon the uncertain adventure.

About this time, I renewed an intimacy which had formerly ſubſiſted between Mrs. Greville and myſelf; a lady whom my mother had known,

and been partial to from a child. This lady had been rendered unfortunate by her union with a man that treated her with the greateſt barbarity. She had endeavoured, by the moſt unremitted induſtry, to manage a trifling income left by her ſiſter Lady Diemar. For, notwithſtanding her theatrical talents are univerſally allowed, from ſome ſtrange circumſtances, ſhe had been unemployed for ſeveral ſeaſons. It is a myſtery I could never unravel, why this lady ſhould be thrown by, while others, with not half her merit, have engagements. The goodneſs of her heart prevailed over her ſcanty circumſtances, and ſhe chearfully offered me the little aſſiſtance ſhe could ſpare. But as it muſt be ſuppoſed from what I have ſaid, that it could only be a temporary relief, and given at different times it could not extricate me from my difficulties.

I wrote to India to my ſon and nephew, but no anſwers could be expected from them for two or three years; and how to ſubſiſt was the labour of my thoughts, My maid was my greateſt unhappineſs; for as to myſelf, I had now acquired a perfect indifference to whatever might befal me; and my mind was more calm than it had ever been ſince my early days. This ſere-

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nity was a bleſſing I had not experienced during the many years I had paſſed in folly and diſſipation.

At the concluſion of the ſeaſon, a gentleman, who poſſeſſes the moſt extenſive philanthropy, and to whom I owe repeated obligations, opened a ſubſcription for me at Brookes's; but the ſummer being too much advanced, and moſt of the members gone into the country, it did not ſuceed equal to his kind intentions. The money ariſing from it was barely ſufficient to pay a demand which a ſevere creditor had ſued me for; and what added to the cruelty, was his knowing that the debt was not of my contracting.

The ſubſcription, however, was productive of a more fortunate circumſtance than the ſum received as it *aſſured* a perſon, who belongs to the club, of my diſtreſs, which he had only ſlightly heard of from a female friend of mine: and I cannot ſufficiehtly expreſs my gratitude for his repeated aſſiſtance. It is with the utmoſt difficulty I can ſo far ſuppreſs my grateful ſenſations, as to keep them from breaking out into public acknowledgments for ſo ſingular an inſtance of benevolence; but I obey the injunction, though with reluctance. The conſciouſneſs of poſſeſſing a mind ſo enlarged, and the pleaſures which flow

from acts of beneficence will be his reward; and I ſhall never forget, that he is a ſhining pattern of the moſt unlimited and exalted humanity.

About this time my patron went abroad; but before he left England, he offered me his farther aſſiſtance. I, however, declined the offer, feeling myſelf already too much obliged; and having ſome reaſon to fear his generoſity would overleap the bounds of prudence.

And I, in order to keep pace with his ſentiments, at this juncture, fell into a very great inconvenience, through the high opinion I entertained of an artful woman, and the confidence I placed in her. So great was my folly upon the occaſion, that I bluſh at the recollection of it, and am even aſhamed to mention it. And this at a time when experience ought to have taught me to be careful; and after the miſeries I had ſuffered through the duplicity of others, to be upon my guard againſt the falſe pretenſions of thoſe who deſcend to art.

Upon my returning home one day from a friend, whom I had been to inform of my ſituation; and as I was indulging my reflections on my folly; on the years I had lived; and on what I ought to have attained, a knowledge of the world;

world; I was informed that a young gentleman, whoſe name was Naſh, had called, and was very deſirous to ſee me. As I was not at home, he left a note from Counſellor Murphy of Lincoln's-Inn, the purport of which was, that the executors of Mr. Davy, to whom I had diſpoſed of my annuity, had got a report in our favour againſt the executors of Mr. Calcraft; and if I had not diſpoſed of the ſurplus of it, he would undertake to get that, and the arrears alſo for me.

As I had long ſince given up all thoughts of ſuch an event, the deeds not being in my poſſeſſion, I could not fail of being much pleaſed with the account. The only voucher I had to ſhow, was the counter-part which Mr. Calcraft had ſent to Ireland, as before related. I had, indeed, requeſted Mr. Townly Ward, of Henrietta-ſtreet, to meet the attorney who acted for Mr. Davy's executors, to conſult what could be done in the affair; but I imagine, that through hurry of buſineſs my requeſt ſlipped his memory. I had applied to this gentleman, as he might be ſuppoſed to know more of Mr. Calcraft's circumſtances than any other perſon, from having been Mrs. Calcraft's ſolicitor, and had gained her cauſe. And, excluſive of theſe motives, I was induced to make application

plication to him, from the great opinion I had of his abilities and rectitude in his profeſſion, added to pecuniary favours. But hearing nothing from Mr. Ward, I looked upon the affair as totally loſt; the ſurpriſe and pleaſure which the intelligence gave me was conſequently the greater.

I immediately waited on Mr. Murphy; and ſo apprehenſive was I of its being one of my uſual flattering *nothings*, that I half doubted my ſenſes. That gentleman deſired I would go to Mr. Price, at Salters-Hall, who would acquaint me with the whole proceſs. I directly ſet off, and found Mr. Naſh, the chief clerk, who informed me that it was neceſſary to make an affidavit.

This was rendered needful, by our opponents having produced receipts of mine which I could not have given. For Mr. Calcraft never would receive any receipts upon account of the annuity, it having been in a ſtate of litigation from the firſt hour it was claimed. He always alledged, that it was meant as a proviſion for myſelf and the child I was then pregnant with, at the time it was ſettled upon me. During the whole period I reſided in Mr. Calcraft's houſe, ſo far was I from making any demand of the annuity, that I never read the deed, nor heard it read, till I borrowed

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the money upon it. And upon this occaſion I was greatly ſurpriſed to find, that the penalty of the bond, inſtead of being *thirty* thouſand pounds, as I believed it to be, was only for *three* thouſand. But at the time this diſcovery was made, I had diſcovered alſo, that a contract of much greater importance to me was invalid; and deſpiſed the giver of both too much, even to reproach him. Had ſuch receipts been actually given, he would certainly have produced them to young Mr. Stubbs, his then attorney, as well as the general releaſe now in his poſſeſſion, which was given as a receipt to ſtop the proceſs commenced for the remainder of my diamonds.

But notwithſtanding the maſter's report, no money has been paid; and I have lately been informed that nothing can be received, till the whole of Mr. Calcraft's affairs are ſettled. This the executors do not, as I have already ſaid, ſeem in haſte to do; and the affair may not be concluded till long after I am a prey for worms. Nor have I any hopes from the claims of gratitude, however well-founded mine might be. But if the Lucas family would pleaſe to recollect, they muſt know, that but for my mediation, Mr. Calcraft would

would not eaſily have been reconciled to his ſiſter after her marriage.

Not that I would be thought to inſinuate, that Mr. Lucas was not more than equal to an alliance with this great man; who was ſo exceeding generous as to allow Miſs Calcraft the ſum of fifty pounds a year for her maintenance; a very ſcanty pittance indeed, to make the appearance of a gentlewoman. They will further pleaſe to remember, that after the reconciliation which I then brought about, Mr. Calcraft got his brother-in-law a lucrative place in the revenue; and likewiſe at his death, left great part of his eſtate to his ſiſter and her heirs; upon condition, as I am informed, they take upon them the reſpectable name of Calcraft.

I had undoubtedly every claim to reſpect from the Lucas family, as I was more than a ſiſter to Miſs Calcraft, as well as to the general. The latter, indeed, always treated me as ſuch. But where good-will is wanting, humanity ſleeps. And Mr. Lucas may, as well as others, have been impreſſed with ideas to my diſadvantage. At the ſame time I flatter myſelf, when he is acquainted with the *real facts*, he will be led to *pity* rather than *blame* me: and in conſequence, be induced to

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expedite the payment of what I am a claimant for. When he has read the foregoing letters, I flatter myſelf he will conſider that as but a ſmall return, for my not only giving up a much more valuable conſideration, but for my being alſo made miſerable, by being a deceived ſlave for years to one, for whom, notwithſtanding I once profeſſed an eſteem, I never *did* or could love.

I thought myſelf happy in the proſpect of the before-mentioned trifling addition to a ſmall penſion Mr. Jenkinſon had granted me, upon my application, in conſequence of the death of my ſon. I ſoon after had a remittance from abroad, which enabled me to repay the greateſt part of what my worthy preſerver had aſſiſted me with. This I was the more anxious to do, for many reaſons; but the ſtrongeſt was, from being informed that he had occaſion for the money. Being about this time likewiſe preſſed for part of a debt, which I had entered into an engagement to pay, upon account of my ever-regretted ſon, I parted with every guinea I was poſſeſſed of, and left myſelf, once more, pennyleſs.

As I had every reaſon to pique myſelf upon the partiality her Grace of Bolton had for me, and relying upon that goodneſs and humanity which

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mark all her actions, I took the liberty to acquaint her Grace with my diſtreſs; and by the return of the poſt, I received a letter, with a draft incloſed, upon her banker. Though my indigence was greater than can be expreſſed, yet believe me when I affirm, that I was made more happy by the receipt of her Grace's elegant epiſtle, than I was by the neceſſary gift which accompanied it.

There is a manner in conferring an obligation (as I have already obſerved) which doubly enhances the value of it. As a proof of this, I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe, for your peruſal, a letter I received, ſome time ſince, from the moſt worthy of benefactors.

"MADAM,

"I AM much concerned to hear you ſtill labour "under any difficulties. If it did not ſound "cruel, I ſhould almoſt be tempted to ſay, I was "happy in the opportunity of being of ſervice "to you.

"I have encloſed a draft for one hundred "pounds, which I beg your acceptance of, and "that you will never think of returning the ſame. "I hope it will in ſome meaſure relieve your "mind,

"mind, which will more than repay me. If, "upon any future occaſion, I can be of ſervice, "I beg you will command me, in the aſſurance, "that I cannot feel a greater pleaſure, than in "giving eaſe to a heart like yours. And am, "with the greateſt eſteem,

"Your obedient humble ſervant,

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Had a youthful beauty received ſuch a flattering epiſtle, vanity would, moſt probably, have miſconſtrued it into a billet-doux; but few ſuch, I fear, are written to a perſon of a certain age. Indeed, I fear there are few ſuch men; and, for the honour of the age, I wiſh I was permitted to inſert the name; but I am commanded, and I muſt obey. How exactly does the following paſſage*, in which Shakeſpere has ſo truly deſcribed the pleaſures of beneficence, ſeem to correſpond with the ſentiments contained in the foregoing letter!

"Oh, you Gods! (think I) what need we have "any friends, if we ſhould never have need of "them? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtru-"ments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds

* Timon of Athens, Act I. Scene 5.

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"to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſhed my-
"ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we
"were born to do benefits. And what better or
"properer can we call our own, than the riches
"of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis
"to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding
"one another's fortunes!"—Real, diſintereſted friendſhip, is the *rara avis* of *this* age; and to me, the writer of the foregoing letter appears to be the phœnix. There may be, however, I make no doubt, many of the ſame generous diſpoſition; but as I have outlived all my other friends, and have had more than came to my ſhare, or than I merited, I ought to be thankful that I retain the good wiſhes of *one*.

Having given you the letter of a ſenſible and liberal friend, I cannot reſiſt the temptation of ſending you, by way of contraſt, the beginning of one containing a declaration of love, which I received from a noble Lord, upon my return from Ireland: and this I ſhall do *verbatim*, to add to the ſingularity of it.

"MY DEAR ANGLE,

"I HAVE not capcity to tell you ho mouch I
"low you."

This ſhort ſpecimen, I think, will ſuffice to let you into the merits of the elegant epiſtle it is taken

taken from; the whole of which (and it was a long one) was written in the ſame learned ſtyle, and ſpelt agreeable to the rules of the ſame kind of orthography. As I can ſay with Millamont, "that an illiterate man is my averſion," had I been inclined to gallantry, his Lordſhip's curious letter would have barred his ſucceſs.

How comes it that ignorance is more conſpicuous in a man than in a woman? As drinking and ſwearing, though dreadful vices in themſelves, appear more horrid in the latter than the former. This obſervation tempts me to proceed a little farther on the ſame topic. When once a woman diveſts herſelf of that delicacy and ſoftneſs which is one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed adornments of the female character, ſhe debaſes herſelf into a brute; and having thus loſt all claim to the name of a human being, ſhe is looked upon with horror and contempt, by even the moſt diſſolute of the other ſex.

I have often thought, that the legiſlature ought to interfere upon this occaſion, and enact ſome law to exclude ſuch unhappy wretches from ſociety. For as precept is leſs powerful than example, youth and ignorance are often deluded by them; as, in general, they wiſh to make others as abandoned

abandoned as themſelves. Not that I wiſh my loved countrywomen to be tied down to the ſevere rules of the Lacedæmonian ladies. I would only recommend them to join the fortitude, patience, and courage of a Roman matron, to the beauty, good ſenſe, brilliancy of wit, and delicacy of an Engliſh woman.

Methinks I hear you here exclaim, "You are "a very proper perſon, indeed, to ſet up for a "dictatreſs over the conduct of your country-"women; you, who have ſo erred yourſelf!"—I acknowledge there is ſome room for your making this remark—appearances, I own, are againſt me. But when it is conſidered, that my errors have proceeded rather from imprudence, than a bad diſpoſition; that I have ſeverely ſuffered for them; and that I entertain no aſſuming ideas of my own underſtanding; I hope my having intermixed with my ſtory, when they occurred, ſuch ſentiments as ſeem probable to prove beneficial to thoſe into whoſe hands they might fall, will not be objected to.

G. A. B.

LET-

LETTER CII.

March, 23. 17——

A Little after Chriſtmas, as a gentlewoman with whom I was very intimate, was condoling with me upon the many untoward events of my life, and the almoſt incredible diſappointments I had met with, my maid came up, almoſt breathleſs with joy, for money to pay for a letter, which the poſtman ſaid came from India. Concluding it was from my ſon, as he uſed always to direct for me by the name of Weſt, and not having a doubt but it was for *me*, in the agitation of ſpirits I was thrown into by the unexpected occurrence, I tore it open, where it was already almoſt open at the back; when, inſtead of the letter I was in hopes of receiving, I found two bills of exchange; one drawn upon a genntleman in Marlborough-ſtreet for fifty pounds, which was the *ſecond*; and the other on a gentleman in Ireland for thirty, with a letter of advice written to him; but no other letter.

I ſent immediately to enquire if any other Mrs. Weſt lived in the neighbourhood, but could not learn that there was. I then recollected that Mrs. Charles

Charles Smith, of Wimpole-ſtreet, had called at my lodgings a year and a half before, and had left a card. As I had not the honour of knowing that lady, I judged ſhe might have intended the viſit for another Mrs. Weſt, and conſequently might be able to give me ſome intelligence relative to the affair. I accordingly wrote to inform her of my having received a pacquet; but as it contained no letter by which it could be known from whom it came, it might be intended for another. To this note I received no anſwer. I wrote again; when the chairman brought a verbal meſſage which could not underſtand. It was, either that the lady was abroad or, in the country.

Not being able to gain any intelligence, after waiting ſome time, I carried the bill of fifty pounds for acceptance, it being at thirty days ſight. When I preſented it, the gentleman enquired where the firſt bill was, to which I anſwered, that I had not received it. We therefore conjectured it to be loſt. At the time the bill became due, the friend with whom I had left it, ſent me word that there was another claimant, who had produced the *third* bill of exchange, and proved to be the huſband of the Mrs. Weſt, in whoſe favour the bills were

were drawn. I therefore delivered him the other bill and the letter. And thus vaniſhed this pleaſing expectation, as ſo many others had done before.

About this time Mrs. Douglas came, *as ſhe ſaid*, from Scotland. I met her with that open cordiality, which I hope will mark every action of my life, and ſhared with pleaſure my little with her. But, like others, when her ſituation altered, ſhe wiſhed to withdraw herſelf. For this purpoſe, ſhe contrived to excite a diſagreement between us. She commenced her rancour, by loading with abuſe one of the firſt characters in the kingdom; whom ſhe knew I loved when a child, and admire as a man.

A delicacy with regard to her ſituation, induced me to let that paſs unnoticed. When this method failed, enraged at my hinting that ſhe claimed relationſhip with a gentleman, to whom ſhe had no nearer affinity than as ſiſter to one of Adam's ſons, her rage grew ungovernable. She ſcolded like one of thoſe good women that take their ſeats at Billingſgate; and in their language, beſtowed upon me every epithet that rancour, malice, abſurdity, a poor weak woman could invent. This had, however, no other effect, than making me ſmile,

which increaſed her rage even to madneſs. But I ſtill made no return; for it has been an invariable rule with me, when I met with ingratitude, duplicity, or intentional inſult *from a perſon I regard*, to ſet them down in the Book of Memory, as departed this life; a mode which prevents thoſe acrimonious feelings that reſult from two much ſenſibility. I conſequently now eſteem this lady as ſafely laid in the ground, and buried with her fathers, nor any longer an inhabitant of the terreſtrial world. Forgive an impromptu upon this occaſion —Avaunt, *Duplicity*, deteſted child of art, begot by Deceit, and nurſed by Hypocriſy! Dare not intrude thyſelf into the generous boſom, leſt every vice, thy ſure attendants, follow.—But come, oh come, *thou faithful inmate of my breaſt*, *Sincerity*, daughter of heaven! And with thee bring white-handed Hope, and the ſweet cherub, Peace. *Poſſeſs me all*, till the cold arms of death embrace me, and this vain world deludes no more.

I have now, madam, gone through every incident of my life. A life that has been, as the relation of them muſt have convinced you, perpetually ſubject to viciſſitude, diſappointment, trouble and anxiety. And I think I have recollected every circumſtance that will tend, either to furniſh you

and the public with amuſement; to convey ſome degree of inſtruction; or to promote my principal deſign, that of laying, in an open and candid manner, before the world, the whole of my conduct. "Nothing have I extenuated, nor ſet down aught in malice." Whilſt I have faithfully recounted my errors, I have traced them to the ſource from which they originated; and this I truſt, will procure me ſome degree of exculpation. Sincerity, as I have often obſerved, is my boaſt. Indeed it is ſo much ſo, that were I guilty of the worſt of crimes, I would not add to them by a denial.

I need not, I think, aſſure you, that the whole of the foregoing narrative conſiſts of real facts. And though ſome of them may appear almoſt fabulous, there are many living witneſſes to the truth of them. Nor are thoſe incidents, which do not immediately relate to myſelf, leſs authentic. They either paſſed under my own obſervation, or are recited from undoubted authority.

I flatter myſelf you will readily perceive, from the circumſtances I have laid before you, and from the general tenor of my conduct, that my misfortunes have rather proceeded from a train of untoward events, than from any other cauſe; and that

my miſconduct has been more the reſult of thoughtleſſneſs and imprudence, than of a depraved diſpoſition. And this being the caſe, I doubt not but my actions will be viewed by the world in a leſs unfavourable light than they have hitherto been.

As Shakeſpeare ſays in the motto I have prefixed to my "Apology," "that the web of our life is "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;" that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt "them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they "were not cheriſhed by our virtues;" I hope this conſideration will weigh in my favour with the liberal and unprejudiced. And though I may not ſtand totally acquitted; though my faults may overbalance my virtues; I truſt it will ſoften the ſeverity of the public cenſure, and reſtore me, in ſome meaſure to their good opinion.

Should the relation of my errors and their conſequences prove a document to my own ſex; warn them to ſhun the paths I have purſued; and inſpire them with a greater degree of prudence and reflection than I have been poſſeſſed of; I ſhall have employed my time to ſome good purpoſe.—The certain effects of an inattention to a prudential ſyſtem, are poverty, diſtreſs, anxiety, and every attendant evil, as I have moſt ſeverely experienced.

May

May the world (particularly my readers) have the ſame indulgence and compaſſion for me, which I have unremittingly ſhown to others! And may Sterne's recording Angel drop the tear of pity, and obliterate my faults!

G. A. B.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PUBLIC.

THE following letter was advertiſed for publication in the month of October 1767; but Mr. Calcraft, by an unwarantable and unmanly exertion of power, (as related in my "Apology") obliged me to ſuppreſs it. Upon reading it over, in order to lay it before the public, I find that the reſentment by which I was agitated, at the time I wrote it, made me expreſs myſelf in terms ſuited to the injuries I had recently received, and which to an unprejudiced mind, may appear too much tinctured with paſſion. This would induce me to let it lie in a ſtate of oblivion, as it has done for many years, were not its publication abſolutely needful to elucidate the foregoing letters.

Moſt of the facts, it is true, have been there introduced, as they could not have been omitted without breaking the chain of the narrative; yet as they are given in the following pages more explicitly, and tend particularly to an inveſtigation of the ill treatment I received from Mr. Calcraft,

the propriety of annexing the Letter, will, I flatter myſelf, be apparent.

To many it may ſeem illiberal to let it appear after his death; but when it is conſidered, that the publication is ſo eſſentially neceſſary for the vindication of my own conduct, and to clear me of many cruel aſperſions which have been propogated to my diſcredit, I hope it will not, upon due reflection, be deemed ſo.

In the ſtate it was intended at firſt to be publiſhed, many of the letters I had received from him, were interſperſed, for the purpoſe of refreſhing his memory. But as that is no longer needful, and they would by no means prove entertaining, as might be judged from that given in the "Apology," I have expunged them. I have alſo greatly curtailed the Letter itſelf, leaving out the moſt exceptionable parts. And as a poem, which was given me upon the occaſion, has ſince made its appearance, it will be unneceſſary to annex that.

Irritated by repeated injuries, and actuated by reſentment at the time I wrote them, the following ſheets were originally compoſed, with an impetuoſity that might render them incorrect, and deficient in that regularity which may be neceſſary to make them fit for publick inſpection; and for this, I truſt, a proper allowance will be made,

more

more eſpecially as I am not a profeſſed Writer. Nor ſhall any thing ever tempt me to take up my pen again upon ſo wretched a topic as myſelf. Perfectly at peace with the world, and every individual in it, even thoſe who have loaded me with contumely and injuries, I can repeat the whole of the divine prayer, without any heſitation or mental reſervation, and wait with patience and reſignation the inevitable decrees of Providence.

Before I conclude this addreſs, I would lay hold of the opportunity to requeſt all my benefactors, to receive once more the warmeſt ſenſations of gratitude for the favours conferred upon me. I would likewiſe beg the community to which I belonged, to accept my acknowledgments. I am proud to boaſt my obligations to them; particularly to Meſſrs. Colman, Harris, Garton, Hull, and Mattocks. Nor am I a little concerned, that I am prevented by the late death of the worthy Mr. Younger, from placing his name in the number of thoſe who aſſiſted to ſave me from diſtreſs. And impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, I ſhall ever remain, with the higheſt reſpect,

Their ever obliged,
Humble ſervant,
G. A. BELLAMY.

Duke-ſtreet, Dec. 1. 1784.

A

LETTER

TO

JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq.

FROM

GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

" So comes the reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
" The dreadful reck'ning, and men ſmile no more."

GAY.

A

LETTER

TO

JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq.

FROM

GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

SIR,

London, October 1, 1767.

IN compliance with your repeated ſolicitations, I ſit down to write to you, as I am indebted to you for ſo many hundreds of letters, I muſt premiſe, that it will require your utmoſt patience to read ſo long an anſwer as I ſhall have occaſion to make it; but as I flatter myſelf many others will peruſe it beſides yourſelf, I ſhall preſume to interrupt your parliamentary ſtudies; and intreat your attention, as much time and application will be needful for you to digeſt ſo long an Epiſtle.

I own, I do not think that a ſeries of facts, relative to ſuch inſignificant beings as you and myſelf,

ſelf, can furniſh any entertainment to the world; yet as I have had the happineſs of being from my youth a favoured child of the public, I ſhall beg leave to requeſt that they would decide between us. I ſhould ſtill have borne my injuries in ſilence, were it not that whilſt you were perpetually teizing me with letters, containing the warmeſt profeſſions of unremitting affection, you, and your female Therſites, were propagating the groſſeſt falſhoods againſt me to my prejudice. But ſhe has paid the debt of nature. So ends my enmity and *her ingratitude*; which, as I have been informed, was fully repaid by *your's*; therefore peace be to her manes.

There was a time, when I ſhould have apprehended that you would have been greatly mortified at a public ſtatement of ſuch an account, and I ſhould have been afraid of putting you to the bluſh by it; but as you have convinced the world by your recent behaviour, that you are above all *mauvaiſe honte*, and have overleaped the bounds of modeſty, my fears are all ſubſided, and "I will a round unvarniſhed tale deliver." If I advance a falſhood, reproach me freely with it. I will force even *you* to allow that I ſtill am juſt.

I am ſorry to remind you, that when Lord George Sutton firſt introduced you to me, you

was

was called *honeſt John Calcraft*; an epithet, in my mind, infinitely ſuperior to *Squire John* the parliament man. But as you always had a great deal of the *amor patriæ* at heart, you may perhaps feel yourſelf more happy in your preſent exalted ſituation. I beg your pardon for making uſe of thoſe two Latin words, I forgot you did not underſtand that language; though, like Bonniface, you may, perhaps, love and honour the ſound. But not to puzzle or give you more trouble than is abſolutely neceſſary, I will inform you, that I mean *the love of your country*; and a more *worthy* or *learned* member than yourſelf, it muſt be allowed, is not honoured with a ſeat in St. Stephen's chapel. If your modeſty prompts you to diſpute this aſſertion, ever willing to pleaſe you, I will give up the point.

But to return.—You will pleaſe likewiſe to recollect, that the firſt viſit you paid me after the unhappy diſpute between Metham and myſelf, I candidly told you my ſituation. At the ſame time I added, that I was ſo alarmed at his paſſionate diſpoſition, as to be determined never to marry him, were he willing to carry his promiſe into execution, though I preferred him to all mankind: nor would I enter into any other connection whatſoever.

Confiding

Confiding in your general character, and induced by your profeſſions of friendſhip, I made no ſcruple thus to inform you of the ſituation of my heart; for at that period, I did not entertain the moſt diſtant idea of your harbouring a thought of love. Indeed, I could not ſuppoſe you was capable of ſo much preſumption, as to think of rivalling a man, in every ſhade ſo infinitely your ſuperior.

I then likewiſe informed you, that I had received ten bank bills of one hundred pounds each, in a blank cover. This gift, I ſaid, I attributed to Lord Downe, whoſe friendſhip for Metham prevented him from declaring himſelf my admirer. Notwithſtanding the dial ſpoke not, it pointed. And as he was evidently the cauſe of Metham's rudeneſs to me, it was more than probable, that his *Lordſhip* thought of extricating me by it, from any little difficulties I might have been embarraſſed in.

Upon my placing this confidence in *honeſt* Jack, you adviſed me to make uſe of the money; telling me, you was ſure that the perſon, whoever it was, who had ſhewn himſelf ſo generous, would never expect a return. You then regretted, that it was not in your power to have been equally liberal. For had you not been circumſcribed by fortune, you ſhould have eſteemed yourſelf happy in ſo favourable

vourable an opportunity of ſhowing yourſelf my *diſintereſted* friend.

I was the more inclined to believe you ſincere in this declaration, as the ſentiments coincided with my own. For I can with great truth affirm, that I never rendered a ſervice with a view of receiving a return; always conſidering the perſon who had the power of obliging, over paid by the internal ſatisfaction which moſt ſurely reſults from a liberal deed.

I remind you of this converſation, as ſome years after you brought me in debtor *for this identical thouſand pounds.* Now, as you have in innumerable inſtances given me room to queſtion your veracity, I have every reaſon to believe you was *not* the donor of the ſum; but took advantage of Lord Downe's death, and the confidence I had repoſed in you, to make claim to it. For though I cannot compliment you upon your erudition, your grandmother might have taught you the old ſaw, "dead men tell no tales." His Lordſhip was unfortunately killed before you claimed the debt, and to this hour I firmly believe it was to *him*, not *you*, that I owed this mark of munificence.

Indeed, at the time you ſaid I was indebted to you for it, though I then had many reaſons to

deſpiſe

deſpiſe your meanneſs, I did not think you ſo totally void of every principle and feeling, as to be guilty of ſuch an impoſition; nor was it ever to be thought that a being, who by artifice had ſo far deceived mankind as to procure himſelf the epithet of *honeſt*, ſhould ſacrifice a title he had been at ſuch pains to acquire, for nothing. I therefore, as I could not contradict your claim, allowed it; and it is now too late to diſpute it.

You will pleaſe to recollect, Sir, that upon my flying to Mr. Ganſell's for refuge from the violence of Metham's temper, you had the modeſty to introduce yourſelf at Donnalan Park, by a *fallacious copy* of a *contract* of *marriage* ſigned by *yourſelf* and your attorney. This you gave to the good old gentleman for his attorney to tranſcribe upon a ſtamp, in order to convince him of the *rectitude of your intentions*. Falſe betrayer! bankrupt in honour as in love! This contract was in penalty of *fifty thouſand pounds*, which the credulous good old man, who then thought you merited the title of *honeſt*, eſteemed ſo ſure a pledge of your faith, that he ordered his attorney to change the ſum to thirty thouſand; alledging, that was a ſum large enough to bind even a rogue.—But, thank heaven,

we

we had none but thoſe who were *perfect in rectitude itſelf* to deal with.

The contract bond which Mr. Ganſel's attorney drew from your ſigned copy, I afterwards delivered up to your attorney, Mr. Stubbs, of parliament-ſtreet, in conſideration of a ſum of money which he brought me from you, together with an additional annuity of one hundred pounds a year, in truſt, to Nicholas Linwood, Eſq. Upon the receipt of this, I ſigned a general releaſe; in which was included, the money remaining upon the diamonds you ſo bounteouſly beſtowed on your favourites.

As I preſume your preſent ſtudies occupy your mind too much to attend to ſuch trivial matters, for, like Obadiah, the affairs of ſtate hang heavy upon your neck and ſhoulders, and you may have forgot the purport of it, I will preſent you with a copy of the ever-memorable contract, which General Ganſel ſent me upon the death of his father. I will give it you verbatim. But ſhould any of your friends (if you have any) be deſirous to prove the authenticity of it, they ſhall be ſatisfied, as your hand is as well known as your face.

Copy

Copy of the Contract, brought ready ſigned by Mr. Calcraft.

"KNOW all men by theſe preſents, that I * John Calcraft, of Brewer-ſtreet, Golden-ſquare, "in the county of Middleſex, Eſquire, am held "and firmly bound unto Georgiane Bellamy, of "Frith-ſtreet, Soho, Spinſter, in the ſum of fifty "thouſand pounds, of lawful money of Great-Bri-"tain, to be paid to the ſaid Georgiane Bellamy, "her certain attorney, executor, adminiſtrator, or "aſſigns, firmly by theſe preſents, ſealed with my "ſeal, dated this 22d day of January, 1752.

"The condition of this obligation is ſuch, "that whereas the above-bounden John Calcraft, "and the above-named * Georgiane Bellamy, have "mutually agreed to marry with each other; "and therefore the above bound John Calcraft, "ſhall and do marry the ſaid George Bellamy, ac-"cording to the rites and ceremonies of the "Church of England; and ſhall not intermarry "with any other perſon whatſoever, ſave the "ſaid Georgiane Bellamy, or during the natural "life of the ſaid Georgiane Bellamy; then this

* The Writer was always called Georgiane, till of late years, when it being neceſſary to refer to the regiſter, it was found to be written George Anne.

"obligation

"obligation to be void, or elſe remain in full "force." (Signed)

JOHN CALCRAFT.

Now, my *worthy* Sir, this tranſaction will, I hope, convince the world, though it may not your partial ſelf, that from the moment you ſigned this contract, being at the ſame time married, and therefore unable to fulfil it, you forfeited all title to the ſmalleſt degree of honeſty. And I might truly pronounce you to be

"Daring in vice, which does to profit tend,
"Falſe to thy God, thy miſtreſs, and thy friend."

You will further pleaſe to obſerve, that the date to this fallacious contract was antecedent to my quarrel with Metham; that fatal paſſion, which you availed yourſelf of, not happening till his birth-day, which was the *thirtieth* of January, at which time you was honoured with being his humble friend. And even at this time, you intended to plant a dagger in his heart, as you was well convinced you muſt do, by ſupplanting him in my favour. For his fondneſs for me was well known to be carried to every exceſs of extravagance. And even the fault, which was the cauſe of our ſeparation, evinced his madneſs; as no man, particularly

particularly one ſo remarkably well bred, could have made uſe of ſuch rude expreſſions before a ſelect company of perſons of diſtinction, unleſs he had been at the time torn on the rack of jealouſy. But why do I talk to you of a breach of friendſhip, who eſteem the word as merely a bugbear, and boldly ſet that, as well as every other virtue, at defiance!

I will now, if you pleaſe, take a retroſpect of the innumerable favours you have graciouſly beſtowed upon me. And this I can the more eaſily do, as they are engraven on the tablets of my heart, from whence they never can be eradicated.

After the mockery at Donnalan Park was over, you declined my worthy friend's ſolicitations to ſpend a few days with him. Some remains of compunction, for the deception you had juſt been guilty of, was, I believe to this hour, partly the cauſe of your declining the invitation. You alledged, that buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence required your being in town. But the moment Mrs. Smith and myſelf were ſeated in the chaiſe, you rode up to it in ſeeming tranſport, and informed me, that my mother was waiting for us at Ingateſtone.

I afterwards

I afterwards learnt, that your impoſition had extended to her alſo; and that you had prevailed upon her to accompany you to that place, with the aſſurance that Mr. Ganſel had been witneſs to our being united for life. Relying upon the rectitude of this deceived, but worthy man, ſhe did not entertain a doubt of our being married. The good woman conſequently made uſe of all the power ſhe had over me, to induce me to forget Metham, and learn the road to tranquillity, which I had ſo long been a ſtranger to.

Nor was you under any apprehenſions of a diſcovery taking place through Mrs. Smith. As ſhe was totally in the dark with regard to the tranſaction, ſhe could only acquaint my mother that the old gentleman ſeemed happy at my being eligibly ſettled for life. As for myſelf, I was ſo perfectly miſerable, that I evaded coming to an explanation; eſpecially as the reproaches beſtowed by my mother upon Metham, cut me to the ſoul. The two old ladies were as gay as if their years had been renovated, and ſeemed as happy as if Hymen had really been preſent in his ſaffron robe, and with his lighted torch, to ſanctify my wretchedneſs.

Though

Though you are in general reluctant in doing juſtice, yet you muſt allow, that when the unhappy union had taken place, I ſhowed nothing but the ſtrongeſt marks of averſion towards you. And had I *not* been partial to another, it was impoſſible for a girl of delicacy to be ſenſible of any degree of tenderneſs for a being like yourſelf. For I have often been ready to believe the Pythagorean ſyſtem, and ſuppoſe you poſſeſſed more of the brute than of a rational creature. Two ſuch oppoſite beings ſurely never met. To be happy, minds ſhould be congenial. It is impoſſible that tranquillity, much leſs happineſs, ſhould exiſt where the ſentiments diſagree. It will be in vain to expect an union to be perfect, unleſs both have one purſuit, one hope, and one deſire.

When I reproached you with your duplicity, in not accepting Mr. Ganſel's invitation, you told me you was anxious for my mother to be of the party; and as ſhe was not acquainted at Donnalan Park, had you ſtaid there, you could not have been completely happy, as ſhe would not then have been witneſs to your unbounded felicity. *Fine words!* I wonder where you *ſtole* them! The apathy which had taken poſſeſſion of my mind, and which bordered upon ſtupidity, prevented

prevented me from inveſtigating your behaviour at that time. And as I really believed you to be a man of integrity, and imagined my lot caſt for life, I did not dare to examine the ſenſations of my heart upon the occaſion.

When we came to town, you entreated me not to receive the viſits of Lord Robert Sutton; as it was from the confidence he placed in you, by making you the furtherer of his affection, and from poor Metham's madneſs, you both founded your hopes. This Nobleman was your intimate, and had engaged you to plead his cauſe. But the man who can deſcend to be a pander, will gladly betray, as you did, his employer.

During my abſence from town, I found you had been very laviſh in bribing thoſe about me to depreciate Metham, who, whilſt he was vilified, was happily inſenſible. Every ray of reaſon had deſerted him, and he was in ſuch a ſtate of diſtraction, that he would have put an end to his exiſtence, but for the unremitting care and tender friendſhip of Major Burton.

The morning after our coming to town, you called upon Miſs St. Leger, afterwards the Major's lady, to anticipate the joyful news of your being the happieſt of men, by having ſecu-

red me for life. This was truly a Machiavelian ſtep, as it totally prevented her from mentioning her lover's friend, whoſe character you was, at the very time, taking every method to blacken. In the ſame manner you introduced yourſelf to Lady Dowager Dillon, and Lady Tyrawley, though you had never been in company with either of them, but once in my houſe. This you did, becauſe you were well aſſured, two ladies of ſuch unſullied virtue would not have continued to viſit, had they not ſuppoſed me to be really married; which indeed, both of them imagined to be the caſe, during my reſidence with Metham.

I was for ſome time after we came together lulled into a ſtupid languor, by the many falſhoods told of the man, you had ſo groſsly deceived; and ſuppoſing my ſituation permanent, I endeavoured to make neceſſity a virtue; and if I could not love you, which I found to be impoſſible, I reſolved to atone in ſome degree for it, by the moſt unremitting attention to your intereſt.

In conſequence of this reſolution, I introduced you to General Braddock; well aſſured that his partiality to me, would ſoon prevail upon Lord Tyrawley to viſit and befriend you. The reſult

ſult turned out to my wiſh, and you was ſoon made Agent to both. But I ſhall not dwell longer upon this ſubject, as I mean, though a bad arithmetician, before I conclude my Letter, to ſtate a fair account of debtor and creditor between us. And that it is a true ſtatement, many, very many living witneſſes, will be able to vouch.

The April following, you earneſtly entreated me to give up the annuity granted me by Metham, alledging that it was highly improper for a woman, who in appearance *was*, and would ſoon actually *be*, your wife, to retain any ſecurity, or receive any emolument from another man. I felt the truth of your argument, and wrote immediately to Mr. Moor, who was then in Ireland, to whom I entruſted the writings, but by ſome accident or other they were not returned.

Upon this you gave me a ſettlement of one hundred and twenty pounds a year, which you had come into the poſſeſſion of by the demiſe of your grandmother, who was really a *gentlewoman*, and the firſt in your noble family. I do not mean in this obſervation, to degrade you in your own good opinion, for you cannot be leſſened in mine. We all would be great, beautiful and

rich, had we the power. And you have ambition enough to wiſh, that the noble blood of the Howards ran through your veins. But was even that the caſe, it would only be the means of rendering you more conſpicuouſly contemptible. For it is only goodneſs in the extreme, joined to ſhining talents, and tenacious honour, that conſtitutes *true* nobility. Mr. Pope, with great judgment, ſays,

> " Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
> " And all beſides, is leather or prunella."

Your great qualifications lead another way. Paſſion, avarice, and luxury, mark you ſo ſtrongly, that Comus's court ſeems to me your ultimatum; for neither religion, friendſhip, nor any ſocial virtue, deigns to inhabit your capacious boſom.

When you preſented me with the annuity, which was for my natural life, and for that of the child I was then pregnant with, I neither read, nor ever heard read, the writings, till I borrowed money upon it; and then I found that you, or the attorney, had made the penalty *three* thouſand pounds inſtead of *thirty* thouſand. But as the contract was antecedent, it was a mean, uſeleſs piece of chicanery, correſponding with all your actions.

Upon

Upon my removing to Brewer-ſtreet, I undertook to be your houſekeeper for four hundred guineas a year, thinking that my ſalary and benefit would be fully ſufficient to ſupport us till your buſineſs ſhould increaſe. At the end of three years, I found myſelf ſo greatly involved, that I was obliged to inform you of my having contracted debts to a large amount; when, to my very great ſurpriſe, you told me I was indebted to *you* for the thouſand pounds I had been fooliſh enough to mention to you.

I ſcorned then to remind you, that my income was at that time infinitely greater than yours; and that I ſpent it in your houſe, with the greateſt cheerfulneſs; not doubting but you would fulfil your liberal profeſſions, when it was in your power; but to my coſt, I found that in promiſes you was *mighty*, but in the performance of thoſe promiſes *nothing*.

When you grew rich, your avarice increaſed in proportion with your arrogance; and notwithſtanding you denied *yourſelf* no luxury, you not only refuſed to pay the debts contracted for your houſe, but what I had expended for your brother and ſiſter, whom at that time I conſidered as my own. I do not mean to pique myſelf on œconomy.

My profeſſion took up too much of my time, to permit me to mind houſhold affairs; and from the conſtant company we kept, numbers of whom were perſonages of the higheſt rank, ſomething more was required than a tolerable income to entertain them: and to my great ſatisfaction, you have been obliged to own, that your table was more elegantly ſerved, during the time I preſided as Governante, than when you allowed a *Maitre d'Hotel* two thouſand five hundred pounds a year, merely for your table, though you rented an additional farm towards ſupplying it.

Reflect alſo upon the expence I put myſelf to in furniſhing the garden at Hollwood, building a hot-houſe, ſucceſſion-houſe, ice-houſe, together with the expenditure on the ſhrubbery; and all this from the ſuggeſtion, that you had ſettled the place upon my daughter and myſelf. Nor was I informed that this was not your intention, till our ſeparation had taken place; when you diſpoſed of it, pretending that you could no longer reſide in an habitation which reminded you every moment of my loved idea. How this aſſertion correſponds with your behaviour at that period, and ever ſince, I leave you to judge.

If you will not do me the juſtice to own that I was not indefatigable in promoting your intereſt,

any

any of our acquaintance will affirm for me, that I was. It is a well known fact, that at the riſk of my life, I once got out of my bed, at a time ſome promotions were to be made, in order to claim the promiſes of two officers who were to have regiments the next day. In the account of debtor and creditor, I purpoſe to preſent you with at the concluſion of this Letter, I ſhall ſet down the names of thoſe gentlemen, to whom you are indebted for their agency through my intereſt.

As to the great expence you was at, it could not be attributed to me. For if you kept an expenſive table, it was your intereſt to do ſo; and I could have no other advantage from it, than not being reduced to ſit alone with a man, who was, at beſt, the object of my diſregard and pity, from his ignorance and meanneſs. For notwithſtanding you value yourſelf upon the manly exerciſe of boxing, yet, when you went to Cliefden, you enquired what a gladiator was, to the ſurpriſe of the company, who all concluded that you muſt have been acquainted with a brother combatant.

I am unable to enumerate the injuries you have done me. I was a ſlave to you for ſix years: not only to your intereſt, but thro' the obſtinacy of your ungrateful diſpoſition. What pains have

I not taken to prevent your flying in the face of one of the warmeſt of patrons, and the beſt of men, if he beſtowed any place upon his own relations, conſcious of your great and ſuperior merit!

There is one accompliſhment which I muſt readily allow you, and that is the great art of deception. By this you blinded your patron, who was one of the moſt ſagacious of men; and, likewiſe a noble Marquis, who had a heart too open to believe, that deceit could be hid under the maſque of ſincerity. You plied that nobleman with your *alies de perdri*, till you had the preſumption to hope you would be able to accompliſh your ambitious views, by forming a match between his Lordſhip and your daughter; a match unequal in every ſhape, as he was not only old enough to be her grandfather, but had your views been accompliſhed, he muſt, upon reflection, have been unhappy, from the idea of having polluted his blood with your's. But the girl had reſolution enough to reſiſt your compulſive threats; and I doubt not will be happier, with a mate more equal to her birth.

I have often wondered that you and your Friend Doctor Francis, who lays claim to the merit

merit of tranſlating Horace, never ſtudied together the Ode which begins with theſe lines,

"The man that's reſolute and juſt,
"Firm to his principles and truſt, &c."

Had you done ſo, you both would have appeared in a more eligible light than you now ſtand in.—But to proceed.

When Mr. Davy applied to you for the payment of the annuity on which I had borrowed five hundred pounds, without conſidering my condition, you came abruptly into my room to inform me of it. Juſtly incenſed at your rudeneſs and want of feeling, (as my ſituation ought to have claimed at leaſt your *attention*, for I know you to be incapable of tenderneſs) I deſired you to leave the room, and pay the money.

I, at that time, became acquainted with your having been married many years before I had the misfortune to know you; the conſequences you are well acquainted with. My being deprived of my ſenſes prevented me from making known my injuries. Had I done ſo, it muſt have endangered your life. For though Lord Tyrawley might not have been Quixote enough to enter the liſts with you upon account of a woman who had for-

feited all claims to his protection, yet the deception you had been guilty of, in making his Lordſhip believe we were married, would moſt indiſputably have excited his reſentment, as it could only be deemed a ſubterfuge to anſwer your intereſted purpoſes.

Beſides this, if I am rightly informed, you would have rouſed the reſentment of a right honourable gentleman, that you gained to introduce you as an *honourable* lover to the niece of one of the firſt Ducheſſes in the kingdom. But the chaſtiſement you would have received for that would only have been manual. We are all ſenſible you have not the inclination to reſent ſuch treatment, as the blows given *manfully* by an officer you had juſtly offended, and borne *patiently*, were never noticed.

Upon this occaſion, you adopted by intuition, Squire Ralph's maxim. I ſay, by intuition, as I can by no mean's ſuppoſe you acquainted with a book wherein all ſcience and learning is contained. You, however, abound with *worldly wiſdom*, though you are not *learned*; and think with Ralph, that

" He who fights and runs away,
" May live to fight another day.
" But he that is in battle ſlain,
" Will never riſe to fight again."

Cowardice

Cowardice is the concomitant of guilt. In what a ſupreme degree then muſt you poſſeſs it! The firſt principle of rectitude, is that noble courage which undauntedly meets every difficulty, and looks upon life as nothing, when compared with the dread of preſerving it with diſhonour. You ſee I would ſtill wiſh to inſtruct you; though I fear, all this will be as little underſtood by you as algebra; nothing like a ſentiment of any kind ever having found a place in your boſom, which is as dark as Erebus.

You now find, that with your great atchievements, you have altered a diſpoſition which before your cruel treatment, never knew the ſun go down upon its wrath. You have preſumed too far upon my apathy. But the gentleſt tempers, when rouſed by repeated injuries, are not ſo eaſily quieted as thoſe who are inflamed by every guſt of paſſion. Before you had provoked me, you ought to have recollected what Lord Tyrawley ſo often warned you of, when he told you I was by nature a lamb, but being rouſed, a lioneſs.

I will, however, *quiet* your ſeeming terror, by aſſuring you, that no provocation whatever, ſhall, at any time, tempt me to divulge the confidence placed in me, whilſt I had the misfortune to be

in your family. The ſcale of ſecrecy muſt never be broken. No aggravation can plead excuſe for a breach of truſt of that nature; and racks ſhould not compel me to divulge what was entruſted to me when we were upon better terms. This ſuperiority of mind I will retain above you. And I will force even *you* to own, with ſhame, that I am ſtill *juſt*. When you ſent to requeſt my ſilence upon this head, I was ſo much incenſed, that I knew not how to account for the daring ſuppoſition. I could not even think ſo meanly of *you*, as to ſuppoſe you could be guilty of a crime ſo atrocious and dangerous to ſociety, particularly to a man who had raiſed you from nothing.

As you may ſet your heart at reſt upon this ſubject, the fair field of retaliation may now go on without any violent agitations being excited in your mind; as injuring a woman, *with the law on your ſide*, is a trifle of no importance. You may think it ſo. But there will come a time when pungent remorſe, the ſure attendant on deception, will, if you poſſeſs the leaſt atom of rectitude, harrow up your ſoul.

There are but two periods of your exiſtence in which I would wiſh to behold you. The firſt is, *at that awful moment*. The ſecond is, before that

that dreadful period happens. It is at the time you quit being a Yea and a Nay man, and commence orator. Were I at the fartheſt part of the globe, I ſhould wiſh to mount a Pegaſus, to be preſent on the momentous occaſion; as the power of a Demoſthenes, joined to the ſweetneſs of a Pliny, muſt *forcibly* elucidate the laws, and prove you the Tully of the age.

You ſee my heart is ever warm in your favour. And after I have received ſuch numerous unmerited favours from you, how can it be otherwiſe; for *Gratitude* is my ſecond darling virtue. She is younger ſiſter to Sincerity, with whom ſhe keeps generally in company. I once was under the neceſſity of repeating to you the following ſentence from Dryden,

"He that is ungrateful has no crime but one."

But the perſon who delights in ſincerity, cannot harbour that heinous vice. She guards the heart from a crime of ſuch black dye. She is always as open as the day, unſuſpicious as the lamb, and innocent as the dove. She is ſecure in her own coat of mail, for no aſſailant can pierce her celeſtial armour.

I told you I wiſhed to inſtruct you. If you are perverſe, it is not my fault. But your good fortune,

fortune, together with your parliamentary ſtudies, ſo totally poſſeſs your mind, that I imagine my intended kind documentations will have little effect. Ignorance itſelf muſt, however, allow that my intention is good. Always pleaſed when I am putting the blind in the way, I have intruded upon your patience, in order to point out to you the *right road*. Though you have hitherto been bewildered, repentance never comes too late. I ſhall therefore end my digreſſion with two lines, ſpoken by Alinda to the captain of the Banditti, in the Pilgrim,"

> "Go, go, ſay thy prayers;
> "For thou haſt as many ſins as hairs."

The verſe, though unequal, is adequate to your ſcientific knowledge, who would prefer the bellman's yearly production to the ſweet numbers of Pope.

As my illneſs was long and painful, I have taken the liberty to introduce theſe ſentiments in order to fill up a chaſm. You complain of the enormous expence my indiſpoſition coſt you, and ſet down nine hundred pounds for phyſicians fees. As I told you in a former inſtance, I have reaſon to doubt your veracity. If that was the caſe, how came Mr. Adair to be ſo poorly gratified?

fied? Doctor Lucas, who reſtored me, had nothing but an enſign's commiſſion for his ſon. And Doctor Ford, to whoſe care I was conſigned at Briſtol, only received ſuch as was too contemptible to offer a gentleman of his known abilities, after the great attention he had paid me.

You will pleaſe at the ſame time to recollect, that your deception was the cauſe of my illneſs. It was not to be ſuppoſed a young woman, accuſtomed to adulation, could be informed that all her hopes were blaſted by having gone through ſix years of ſervitude (for I can call it by no other name) with a man ſhe could neither love, eſteem, or regard, (for fire and water are not ſo oppoſite) with any tolerable degree of patience. Degraded in my own mind in the ſuppoſition of a permanent connection with you, what muſt I not feel at being made a tool to the art of the meaneſt wretch of the creation! All I had left to divert my mind upon this occaſion was to be profuſe; at once to indulge my own feelings for the poor, who were at that ſeaſon in extreme want; and to mortify you, who, though you ſeemed to wiſh to gratify me, yet ſilently repined at what you afterwards called my unwarrantable extravagance.

But

But this you would not have conſented to, had you not had a grand point in view, that of bringing me back to your deteſted habitation; and to effect this, after you had found your repeated promiſes to Mrs. Sparks ineffectual, and that I ſtedfaſtly refuſed to hear from you, or of you, you then waited upon Lady Tyrawley, and once more impoſed upon her, by pleading the violence of your paſſion. You at the ſame time bound yourſelf to her Ladyſhip by the moſt ſolemn oaths, that would ſhe but prevail upon me to return to Parliament-ſtreet, you would not only pay my debts, but ſign a *carte blanche* to ſubmit to any terms I ſhould require. Her Ladyſhip and Mrs. Sparks are living witneſſes of your repeated perjuries.

Tired out with ſolicitations, which I ſhould ſtill have reſiſted, had not the friend of my youth, and the director, at this time, of all my actions, adviſed the indiſcreet ſtep, at laſt I yielded. Indeed his honeſt heart could not ſuſpect, that, after having injured me in the tendereſt point, you would add to the crime, by forfeiting the oaths you had made to fulfil your promiſes. It is true that you kept one of them, that of not ſeeing me alone; but this you did, leſt my reproaches ſhould confound you.

At

At length, after binding yourſelf every year for four years, you had honeſty enough to inform me, that you would not comply with my expectations. This was the only action of your life which I can term a favour; for my hatred and contempt were ſo great, that you and your houſe were my deteſtation. So extreme was it, that I languiſhed more for the hour of ſeparation, than ever fond lover did for receiving his bride's hand at the altar.

Now, Sir, your laſt tranſaction crowned every one of the foregoing. As I deſpiſed you too much to have any altercation with you, particularly upon pecuniary matters, I aſked you to lend me two thouſand pounds to redeem my jewels, which were at that time depoſited with Mr. Bibby, pawnbroker, in Stanhope-ſtreet, Clare-market. Upon your granting my requeſt, I delivered the duplicates to your clerk, Mr. Willis, to get them out. And as you refuſed to pay the intereſt, I gave him a draft upon my mother for the ſum it came to, payable in ſix months; which Mr. Bibby, not knowing my ſituation at the time, and ſuppoſing I ſhould ſtill remain in Parliament-ſtreet, accepted.

Mrs. Walker, I find, had informed you of my fixed determination to leave you, ſome days before,

fore, though you affected to be ſurpriſed when the chaiſe came to the door. And when I went to Dublin, Colonel Sandford, your confident, acquainted me, that you likewiſe affected to be jealous of a being, who, you was well aſſured, was only the pleader of another's cauſe. The abſurdity of this ſuppoſition needs no comment. You know my diſpoſition well. You know that I am every thing in extremes, and deſpiſe mediocrity, particularly had I been in love; which would have prevented my leaving my admired Strephon. But you make me a princeſs Huncamunca, who ſays,

"I have a heart that's large enough for two;
"I've married him, and now I'll marry you."

But you could not have any poſſible right to cenſure my conduct, had it been ſo, as the terms we were upon made me miſtreſs of my own actions. The falſity, however, of your wicked aſſertions, was fully evinced by my going to Ireland; for had I liſtened either to the noble Earl or his Mercury, I ſhould undoubtedly have remained in England, as his Lordſhip's known generoſity would have enabled me to pay my debts, (though moſtly contracted for you) and to have lived ſplendidly.

You

You were no ſtranger, I am ſure, to the truth of this, for your intimate, Mr. M—— of the war-office, was well acquainted with it, as he came to Briſtol on purpoſe to ſolicit the intereſt of the noble Earl, who was then miniſter of ſtate. My feelings prevented me from falling into that connection. And with a nobleneſs of ſpirit, which does his Lordſhip infinite honour, inſtead of being offended at my rejection of his ſuit, he begged to be permitted to continue my friend, though I would not receive him as a lover. Had I been inclined to liſten to his Lordſhip, his being married was an inſuperable bar. I ſhould not have taken the liberty to mention this tranſaction, had I not had his Lordſhip's leave, in order to exonerate me from the many falſe imputations you have thrown upon me, and which he himſelf has heard repeated at Arthur's.

But to return to my jewels.—You will pleaſe to recollect, that when I delivered you the duplicates, I gave you at the ſame time receipts ſigned by Maiſoneuf, Deard, and Lazarus, for ſix thouſand three hundred pounds; and requeſted you to keep them till two great marriages, which were then in agitation, ſhould take place; as the *cap-windmill*, and one of the necklaces, together with my beſt ear-rings,

ear-rings, were of exquiſite workmanſhip. I am obliged to be thus minute, as I am ſenſible your memory often fails you, eſpecially where the circumſtance is neither lucrative nor agreeable. How well you kept this laſt promiſe, I ſhall take the liberty to remind you.

When you prevailed upon Lord Tyrawley to come down to Briſtol, to uſe his intereſt with me to return to Parliament-ſtreet, you artfully informed him of the contract, and had the effrontery to ſay you were ready to execute it. But in order to prevent our coming to an explanation, like a true diſciple of Machiavel, you prevailed upon General Honywood to accompany his Lordſhip. You very well knew my ſentiments, and were aſſured, that had you poſſeſſed the power of compleating your engagement, my averſion was too firmly rooted to conſent. I ſhould have rejected your hand with ſcorn. The profeſſions you made me, every poſt, were deſpiſed; and your affecting to feel for my loſs, was contemptible, even to laughter.

The numerous ſtories propagated to my diſadvantage, I could not hear till my return from Ireland, and then I only heard part; but a few days ſince I received full information of the whole, which

which forces me to call you a *dark aſſaſſin*. Upon my arrival at Cheſter, my maid brought me a curious letter, wherein, amidſt nauſeous profeſſions of unalterable affection, you mentioned, that you had ſent me the deed of annuity for one hundred and twenty pounds, which you ſaid it was right that I ſhould have; not that you meant it for my proviſion. What a poor flimſy artifice which an infant could eaſily diſcover, as there was wrote upon the back of it in large letters, "Counter-part of the deed of annuity aſſigned to "——— Morris, in truſt for Mr. Davy." I am not ſurpriſed at your perſiſting in duplicity. The wonder would be, that all your thoughts and actions were not ſtrongly marked with it.

Upon my arrival in Ireland, I received a letter from Alderman Cracroft, wherein he mentioned, that application had been again made to you for payment of the annuity, and that on your peremptory refuſal, which you had given, alledging that it was only meant for my ſupport, and not to be diſpoſed of, they would come upon me for payment, if I did not return the encloſed power ſigned, to enable them to ſue for it. I accordingly ſigned and returned the writing; and their arreſting you for it, was owing to your own inſolence.

It

It was occaſioned by your ungentleman-like behaviour to Mr. Conſtable, a perſon who, though not quite ſo rich as yourſelf in money, was infinitely richer in integrity, propriety of demeanor, and character.

Why, *at this time*, did you not reproach me with being the cauſe of that inſult, as you afterwards termed it? For ſtill you peſtered me with letters, but neither of them contained one word of this mighty event, which you ought to have expected long before, as it was threatened. Nor was there a ſingle word about the jewels. But as I would not write to you upon any account, I left that affair to the alderman to refreſh your memory; when, to my infinite ſurpriſe, he informed me, in his next letter, that you had delivered them to Jefferies in the Strand, who had knocked them to pieces, and ſold them for eleven hundred pounds; though Maiſoneuf, in his receipt, had agreed to take them back, allowing ten per cent. for the time I uſed them. As moſt of the capital articles were ſet by him, it would certainly have been not only more eligible, but more *honeſt*, to have made application to him on the diſpoſal of them, or to any other jeweller, in preference to a ſword-cutler.

Indeed,

Indeed, I believe you was ſo aſhamed of this tranſaction, that you ceaſed perſecuting me any more till after my return to England. I will do you the juſtice to believe, that you would not have renewed your ſolicitations *then*, but from the knowledge you had gained of a political party frequenting my houſe. And though the noble Earl was no longer miniſter, yet you hoped to make me once more the ladder to your ambition. But when you found all your endeavours fruitleſs, you moſt wickedly poiſoned the mind of my firſt protectreſs, by making her believe it was her huſband that enabled me to live as I did. By thus clouding your calumny, with aſſuring her Ladyſhip that it was the Earl of H———— who befriended me, you planted a dagger in my heart, which I was not made ſenſible of till very lately.

The baſeneſs of this tranſaction was cruelty in the extreme, as you well knew it was another Earl of H———— that viſited me; and had alſo been well informed, that his viſits were not of a nature to give umbrage to any perſon, there being many others of the ſame party. But what added to the iniquity was, your inuendo of my not only having an affair of gallantry with a married man, but with the huſband of the very lady who had protected me from my earlieſt infancy.

And

And even at this time you were well convinced, that I was diſpoſed of to another. The idea of injuring the peace of mind of *any* perſon, is what my nature ſhudders at; particularly of one who had honoured me with the ſtricteſt intimacy. Indeed, I have always eſteemed the crime of adultery equal to that of murder, as I know not any difference between being robbed of life, or the affections of the object which endears it. Theſe are notions which you have convinced the world, by your late connection, that you have no idea of.

I muſt beg leave, though out of form, to rectify a miſtake, under which I am informed you labour, about the viſit I paid you and your inamorata, at a certain houſe near Leiceſter-fields. I beg leave to aſſure you, that I ſhould never have felt the leaſt ſenſation of jealouſy, had you choſen to give any lady the preference to me, even when we were upon the beſt terms. And this you muſt be ſatisfied of, if you will be at the trouble to inveſtigate my behaviour during the wretched years I thought myſelf your partner.

But your apprehenſions did not proceed from that humane motive. It was the fear of my making your amour public; which muſt have been productive

productive of the moſt ſerious conſequences, both to your perſon and pocket. My *intimate's* ingratitude was what I wiſhed to be convinced of; but for that, you might have taken up your reſidence together for life, and I ſhould have ſaid with Sir Novelty, "a good riddance, ſtab my "vitals!"

But to return once more to the jewels.—Upon my going, ſoon after my arrival in England, to a party at Lady St. Leger's, I was not a little ſurpriſed at ſeeing my bracelets, which were very remarkable, upon a lady's arms; nor was I leſs ſo, at being informed, that you had inſiſted upon her accepting them for the civility ſhe had ſhewn your daughter. For this I was infinitely obliged to you, as your reigning favourite was a bad example for a young mind to have in view. Lady Harrington, at the ſame time, told me, that you had preſented your Del Toboſa, with my beſt ear-rings, and ſeveral other jewels, which formerly belonged to me.

I was no longer at a loſs, how to account for their only amounting to the eleven hundred pounds you ſaid they were ſold for. But, indeed, you always was generous, when you could be ſo at the expence of others. For example; I

will juſt refreſh your memory, with the recollection of twelve pints of *Tokay* which Mr. Fox made me a preſent of. When I requeſted a pint for a lady who was a particular favourite of mine, and whom you profeſſed much to admire, it was with the greateſt difficulty one pint was obtained; as you alledged that you had given ſix to a favourite of your own, four to perſons you had expectations from, and kept the two remaining for yourſelf.

Poor wretched being! who knew not that ſupreme pleaſure of dividing with others, what providence has bleſt you with. Indeed, upon a retroſpect of the partiality you have been favoured with by fortune, I could almoſt adopt the Pagan ſyſtem, and ſuppoſe the blind lady preſided at your birth, and ſtamped you *another Midas*. To carry on the allegory, I ſhould farther ſuppoſe, that you will tremble at paſſing the Styx with Old Charon, and grudge even the penny. And how will you be terrified at approaching the three ſtern judges! But I will not frighten you before your time. With a conſtitution impaired by the moſt extravagant indulgence, and inheriting a painful malady, it can not be long ere you appear before the moſt aweful of all tribunals.

But

But as we are forbidden to give judgment, I ſhall only ſay, "The Lord have mercy upon you!"

When I informed Alderman Cracroft of your generous donations of my property, which you could not poſſibly have any claim to, but for the two thouſand pounds lent me upon them; as you never gave any part of it, except ninety pounds for the *new ſetting a ſprig*, he complimented you with a bit of parchment. This he did, in order to prevent any future odium falling on you, by an opportunity of producing a clear account in a court of juſtice.

Now came a number of letters from you, which were unanſwered. Whether our meeting in Derby-court, on a Sunday in January, was premeditated or accidental, I know not. I believe the firſt; and that not out of regard to me, but, as I have before mentioned, in order to be introduced, through my means, to Lord H————. But had I again been a dupe to your arts, my power here could not have availed, as I never was but once of the party. Indeed, the viſitors only paid me ſhort *How d'yes* before they met. And I can with truth affirm, I never was of the company but that once; as I declined having any knowledge of their politics, or holding any converſation with perſons in that line.

Your affected agonies upon this rencounter were truly ridiculous. You then went to a coffee-houſe, I think the Prince of Orange's Head, the corner of York-ſtreet, St. James's, from whence you wrote to me the numerous letters. And likewiſe ſent dear Nurſe Carter to me, who at that time preſided as your houſe-keeper, to plead your cauſe, and implore admittance for you, with the promiſe of *another carte blanche*.

This was your laſt trial of ſkill, and which carried with it the greateſt probability of ſucceſs, as you knew my partiality and gratitude for your ambaſſadreſs; who had not only been attentive to me, but had affectionately foſtered my children. As I wiſh to be your *conſtant remembrancer*, I muſt here ſtop to put you in mind, that you faithfully promiſed me to ſettle twenty pounds a year upon her. But, as I have ſaid before, you was always careful to forget every thing that you were not *intereſted* in. Pardon me, I mean only in lucrative objects; for a preſumptuous pride, diveſted of ſpirit, made your recollection perfect enough, when you thought yourſelf neglected or deſpiſed. Yet you wanted the *proper pride* to reſent the affront. For to the ferocity of the bear, you join his docility, when your intereſt requires it; and

you

you would *dance*, I mean, *move*, to any fiddle which tended to your emolument. You ſee I am willing to allow you all the good qualities you poſſeſs, in return for the many bad ones you have undeſervedly loaded me with.

You afterwards forced yourſelf into my houſe; when aſſuming the affected agonies of *love*, (forgive me, thou chaſte power, for daring to make uſe of thy ſacred name, when ſpeaking of a being incapable of feeling thy tender delicate ſenſations!) and finding all your fallacious endeavours uſeleſs, you attempted to deſtroy yourſelf. Upon this occaſion you muſt at leaſt allow, whatever I formerly had been, that I was totally obedient to your will. For, acceding to your intention, I entreated that you would permit me to call in ſome witneſſes to the *Tragedy*, as I deemed it a crime that ſuch an *exalted* character ſhould make his exit with only *one* ſpectator.

Here you muſt acknowledge, that I gave you a proof of my not being *ſelfiſh*. You, however, ſoon retracted your tragic reſolution, and put your ſword into its ſcabbard. What a pity! Had you gone off thus heroically, you might have eſcaped the imputation of being a mon-

ſter of ingratitude, and conſequently a peſt to ſociety *.

I hear I am indebted to the falſhoods you have propagated relative to me, for being traduced in a wretched performance which made its appearance whilſt I was in Ireland. It was ſaid to be written by a being that calls himſelf a ſea officer. But I can ſcarcely ſuppoſe, that any perſon who denominates himſelf a gentleman, would write ſuch vile ſtuff of a woman he never was acquainted with, and who never injured him. I rather think it was ſome poor ſcribbler you had hired for that purpoſe.

But to return to Jermyn-ſtreet——When you was convinced that there was no poſſibility of your being admitted more, you did not ſtop at any falſhood to blacken and depriciate me. At the time my affairs rendered it neceſſary for me to go abroad, you again pretended a return of affection. You offered me your houſe in Dorſetſhire; and when that was abſolutely refuſed,

* Private intelligence to thoſe who may not know it.—Mr. Fox entruſted the gentleman with a converſation he had with his Royal Maſter, under an injunction of ſecreſy. And he imprudently divulged it, to the prejudice of his noble benefactor. Which not only occaſioned thoſe fine lines in Churchill, but a poem entitled "Ingratitude."

you

you once more bound yourſelf to compromiſe my debts in a year; though you were ſenſible I had been enabled, by the preſents I had received, and Mr. Calcraft's aſſiduous friendſhip, to leſſen them conſiderably.

When you found that I refuſed to ſee my children, if you was to accompany them, which you offered to do the approaching ſummer, your abuſe began again; and you ſent me an annuity, conditionally, upon my living abroad, together with two hundred pounds. As to the general releaſe, I could have no objection to ſign it, having no demand. But as I allowed ſeven hundred pounds for the annuity, you could not have any right to proſcribe my reſiding in England; particularly as you well knew I ſhould never trouble you.

I muſt now congratulate you upon a manœuvre, which ſeems to ſhow that you aſpired to be thought an idiot. But this, indeed, you may do, to impoſe upon thoſe who are ſhocked at your unparalleled ingratitude, which is reprobated even by your dependents, and thoſe who formerly kept you company. It appears, that you would rather have the imputation of folly, than of complete knavery; or elſe you would not have de-

ſired your intimate, Mr. *Singleſpeech**, to aſk the honourable Mr.—— whether the children were not his.

O, thou head of the Wrongheads! couldſt thou be ſo ſimple as to imagine, that had this been really the caſe, he would have divulged it? I muſt, however, aſſure you, to my no ſmall mortification, and *their diſgrace*, that they are, *bona fide*, your own. And give me credit for the declaration, when I ſay, that I would have preferred the moſt abject being to your wretched ſelf; who, in my opinion, are a compound of every vice, vulgarity, and meanneſs. But as your patriotic principles coincide with thoſe of Mr. *T'otherſide*, this miſtake, upon recollection, is not to be wondered at.

You have long made me ſuffer, in ſilence, the loſs of the good opinion of the world, and the averted eye of cold contempt; but theſe, important, as they are, cannot compare to the poignant torment of my mind. The deviation from virtue, even with a beloved object, is attended with ſevere reflection and remorſe. How much

* Mr. H.—— never ſpoke in parliament but once. Then, however, he ſpoke remarkably well.

more

more ſo muſt my ſenſations be, when, having been ſo many years the dupe of your artifices, I feel myſelf reduced to ſelf-contempt, from being connected with a perſon who has been always the object of my diſlike, but is now of my averſion?

I had like to have forgot the obligation I lie under to you for breaking open my cabinet, which I had ordered to be ſent to my mother's. As you choſe to keep the piece of furniture, you imagined the contents of it ought likewiſe to be your's. But being certain you could ſee nothing in it that could give you pleaſure, I am inclinable to forgive you. I muſt ſay, however, that to preſume to look into the confidential letters of any perſon, without permiſſion, would ſhock any one who poſſeſſed the leaſt degree of rectitude or propriety. But I forgot I was addreſſing you, who are inſenſible to both.

The uſe you made of this circumſtance, which I have already mentioned, and have but lately acquired a knowledge of, does *you* infinite honour. And at the ſame time, the continued *eſteem* and *laſting friendſhip* of the noble Earl, redound to mine. To mortify you ſtill more, theſe are likely to continue, in deſpite of all your machinations.

I take this opportunity to declare, that I never received a preſent from Lord Harrington, but of one fifty pounds; which I believe was intended as a return for the toys I purchaſed for Lord Peterſham.

But leaſt this declaration ſhould be ſuppoſed to carry with it a deſire to be reſtored to Lady Harrington's good graces, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that I have already declined many invitations to Harrington-houſe, from her Ladyſhip herſelf; who thought fit to employ, upon the occaſion, a nobleman ſhe concluded I could not refuſe. This was no leſs a perſonage than Comte Haſſang. But though I feel every ſenſation of gratitude for her Ladyſhip, yet no inducement will ever prevail upon me to aſſociate with any perſon, be their diſtinction ever ſo high, who can harbour for a moment a ſuſpicion of that ſincerity I make my boaſt. As ſuch a condeſcenſion would leſſen me more, if poſſible, in my own opinion.

As I make no doubt but her Ladyſhip will read this; and as I have reaſon to be aſſured of her partiality for me; if you are admitted into her houſe at this time, I think you may bid adieu to an *entrée* at that reſidence. I had every reſpect for the noble Earl at the Stable-yard; but it was

ſo

ſo diſtant, that I never ſpoke to him in my life but at table. Nor can I put his attractions, either perſonal or mental, in competition with the one in queſtion; the qualities of whoſe mind and heart, make him eſteemed and revered by all who have the happineſs of knowing him.

Were it poſſible to enumerate your mean actions, they would fill volumes. One, however, of a ſingular kind, I muſt remind you of; and that is, your refuſing to keep the horſes which were given me; though, when in town, you daily drove a pair of them.

When I ſent you word, ſome ſhort time ſince, that I was arreſted for the champaign I had wrote for, *by your order*, to Mr. Woodfield, to ſend to Germany, you refuſed paying it, nothwithſtanding your clerk aſſured me, that you had ſet it down in the Marquis's account. You refuſed to pay it; rightly judging, that I was under too many obligations to his Lordſhip, to ſet ſuch a trifle in competition with the favours he had conferred upon me; and you preſumed likewiſe, upon his being in Germany at the time.

Further, when I was applied to by Mr. Finmore, for ſix and thirty pounds, for claret for your *own* table, through my indiſcretion in *writing*

for it, by your order likewiſe, I peremptorily refuſed to diſcharge it; nothwithſtanding your meanneſs in telling him, that I had ordered the wine for my own uſe, and therefore you would not pay for it. A circumſtance you ought to have been aſhamed to tell him, had I ever dealt with him. But you was conſcious of the fallacy of the aſſertion; as, for the laſt four years I was in your houſe, I had all the wine for my *own* company from Mr. Tourbeville, and *no other merchant*.

As a friend, I would adviſe you to ſettle this dirty affair as ſoon as poſſible, for I am determined to conteſt it. Not that you can ſtand in a more contemptible light than you do, for I may ſay of you, what Cato ſays of the Emperor,

"Cæſar aſham'd! Has he not ſeen Pharſalia?"

As to myſelf, you are ſenſible I never drank any wine before my illneſs, but what was diluted: and that illneſs was occaſioned by your *exceſs of love*, as you termined it. From ſuch *exceſſes*, good Lord deliver me, and all thoſe unhappy beings, who are deceived by ſuch reptiles as yourſelf!

Though rather out of due courſe, I have reſerved ſome of your *chief d'ouvres* ſo *bonne bouche*.

bouche. I ſhall begin with the affair of Mr. Sparks. You entered into a joint bond with me to Sparks, for four hundred pounds which I borrowed of him, to pay Mr. Smith of the Exchequer. For this upon your pleading want of money, you gave a freſh bond, and put off the payment till the year following. And after our ſeparation, you moſt unmanly reported, that you had given me the money to diſcharge the debt. This was one of the moſt ridiculous falſhoods you ever advanced. It is evident to a perſon of the weakeſt underſtanding, that had you given me the money, you certainly would not have renewed the obligation. An aſſertion of this kind is but a trifle to you, for you are ſo accuſtomed to untruths, that you ſeldom ſtartle at the moſt glaring.

But in order to ſet this affair in a clear light, it will be neceſſary for me to repeat an event, which, though it may afford a proof of my indiſcretion, I hope will not blacken my heart. Upon my having loſt a conſiderable ſum at play, I requeſted you to lend me four hundred pounds till my benefit. Be ſo good as to recollect, that this was not upon Sparks's account. When I made the requeſt, you told me that you would grant it, on condition

condition that I would ſtay at home the ſame evening. Nay, you went farther; for you deſired a female intimate to inform me, that you would pay all my debts in the morning, if I would ceaſe to be cruel.

Though I ſhuddered at the propoſal, as I ſhould have done at the ſight of a baſiliſk, yet neceſſity made me conſent, as I had company of my own to paſs the evening. Soon after eleven o'clock, Lady H——n called in, and inſiſted that I ſhould accompany her to a party in Arlington-ſtreet. You had then lent me the money, and claimed my promiſe; but the two female friends, who had ſpent the evening with us, preparing for home, and her Ladyſhip ſtrongly urging me to attend her, I accepted her invitation, and left you to indulge your own pleaſant fancies.

It being a very fine morning, and my chair being at Harrington-houſe, we all agreed to run down the Green Park. Here I have every reaſon to believe I loſt my pocket-book; as the nobleman who honoured me with his arm, noticed the jingling of ſomething in my pocket, and pleaſantly enquired if I carried the keys of the houſe about me. This noiſe I apprehend was owing to the lock, which, in dancing, had brought

up

up the book. I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, as a gentlemam of known veracity, acquainted me, that he ſaw a perſon pick up the book. By this you ſee, I allow, that I kept very early hours.

This loſs of mine was not known for ſome time to any perſon in the family, except Clifford and myſelf, notwithſtanding it was advertiſed, with the offer of a handſome reward, excluſive of the bank-notes it contained, for a paper which was in it. How you got poſſeſſion of *that paper*, or the advantage you made of it, I leave to your own feelings. Though, indeed, your heart is callous to every proper ſenſation, and I could wiſh to explain this fact, more fully to diſplay your *rectitude*; I ſhall, however, only ſay with Oroonoko, "*Our gods have no puniſhment for ſuch unheard-of* "*crimes.*"

The bills you at that time lent me, you have ſince affirmed, were given me to pay Mr. Sparks. How then came you afterwards to demand the money of me, and abſolutely to receive it at the ſtipulated time? It was very improbable I ſhould borrow money to take up your bond. But you well know, it was borrowed to pay Mr. Shaftoe a play debt. To my ſhame I own it.

What

What is in its nature wrong, no words can palliate. I am above the low art of endeavouring to extenuate my faults. I have made the world my confidente ever ſince I launched into it, and after ſo many years of ingenuouſneſs, it would be folly in the extreme to attempt to do ſo. But to you I cannot be reſponſible, as the miſery you have brought upon me, deſerves the moſt unlimited contempt and reprobation.

It would not only be abſurd, but fruitleſs, to affect myſtery. Had not your great affection induced you to load me with obloquy, the world would not have ſuppoſed me culpable in leaving you. Though I muſt acknowledge, that the generality of mankind uſually give larger credit for error than any other commodity; and I have been favoured, through your generous aſſiſtance, with over-meaſure for my indiſcretions.

You well know, that the firſt ſix years of our connection, I was totally inſenſible to happineſs, and in a perpetual buſtle to promote your intereſt. The laſt four were perfectly miſerable; and it cannot be a matter of ſurprize, that I ran into diſſipation to avoid thought. In this, however, as I have already ſaid, I was only culpable to the world

world and myſelf, as you could not poſſibly have any right to cenſure my conduct. My hatred was invincible; and I never entered your deteſted reſidence, but with the moſt piercing regret. Even my children almoſt diſpleaſed, from their unfortunate proximity to you.

As your affianced wife, you muſt own that I did *more* than my duty. And had I really loved you, I could not have been more anxious, either to promote your intereſt, to hide your ignorance, or to curb your intemperance. The latter generally ended, with my being employed in the pleaſing avocation of a nurſe. And even in that I could not pleaſe, as you well knew it was not from affection that I tended you, but from what I then thought my duty.

I ſhall now, in order to convince the world of the obligations I *really* lie under to you, take a retroſpective view of the pecuniary tranſactions which have paſſed between us. In the firſt place, I ſhall enumerate the ſums I have received from you, and then, *per contra*, ſet down the advantages that have ariſen to you from our union.

If the bank-notes I received in the blank cover came from you, which is very much to be doubted, I am to ſtand indebted to you for that 1000l.—

Towards

Towards the expences of a ball which I gave on your daughter's birth-day, you ſent me 105l.—You made me a preſent of your picture, in miniature, ſet with roſe diamonds, value 20l.—You likewiſe gave me a ſecond-hand repeater, which coſt 35l.—You paid for new-ſetting a diamond ſprig 90l.—You ſettled on me an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds; but as not one year of it has been paid, I cannot conſider myſelf as indebted to you for it.—I received, to give up the contract bond, and to drop the ſuit commenced againſt you for the diamonds ſold by Jefferies, 200l.—You granted me an additional annuity of one hundred pounds a year, which I received for four years; the amount conſequently is 400l.—You ſay, that the expences attending my indiſpoſitions whilſt with you, but for which I have only your bare *ipſe dixit*, amounted to the ſum of 900l.—Theſe are all the ſums of money that you expended, or are ſuppoſed to have expended, upon me during our connection.

Now behold the other ſide—were I to be paid by you for the ſix years ſlavery I underwent with you, and the four years miſery, it would amount, at the moſt reaſonable calculation, to a very conſiderable ſum; but for that I ſhall leave a blank.

blank.—To proceed to articles for which I can make a charge.—There is due to me upon the receipts for the diamonds, allowing thirteen hundred pounds paid for the faſhion, 3000l.—Had the annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds been regularly paid, it would have amounted, for the ſixteen years due, to 1920l.—I expended, during my reſidence with you, eight years receipts at the theatres, amounting to 9600l.—You received General Braddock's agency, which you had upon my account, four years, at three hundred pounds per annum, 1200l.—The General likewiſe left you, upon his deceaſe, concluding that we were married, full 7000l.—Lord Tyrawley's agency, which you procured through me, and of which you promiſed me the emoluments, brought you in at leaſt five hundred pounds yearly, for ſeven years, which amounts to 3500l. —General Mordaunt's, which you procured by the ſame means, yielded you three hundred a year for ſix years, 1800l.—General Laſcelles's, the ſame ſum yearly for nine years, 2700l.—You had of mine five coach and two ſaddle horſes, worth 250l.—Together with a town chariot, quite new, which coſt 147l.—I paid for Champaigne, which, agreeable to your requeſt, I wrote for to ſend the Marquis of Granby, and which you

you charged to his Lordſhip's account, 80l.—I expended upon your brother, Captain Calcraft, at the academy, and for other neceſſaries, 350l.—I likewiſe paid for cloaths, &c. for your ſiſter, during ſix years, the ſum of 400l.—I paid Mrs. Jordan's bill for *real* neceſſaries, 160l.—I laid out in building a hot-houſe, ice-houſe, &c. at Hollwood, upon the ſuppoſition that it would be mine and my daughter's after me, 400l.—To this, by way of concluding article, I may add, that I ſaved during the fire in Channel-row, your books, furniture, and thirteen hundred pounds in caſh, from the hands of the mob.

Having thus enumerated the different items, I leave you, who are ſo great an adept in figures, to draw the balance. You will ſoon ſee, that it is *greatly* in my favour; and I requeſt that you will ſend me a draft for the ſum as ſoon as poſſible, in order to conclude all tranſactions between us.

I thought to have concluded here: but you muſt permit me juſt to add, that I have often been tempted to think there was not a fallen angel in all Pandæmonium, to which I could not reſemble a living character. You *, however, in this ſimi-

* When this is conſidered as the ebullition of reſentment, from a perſon ſmarting under the moſt aggravated injuries, and which has long ſince ſubſided; due allowance, it is to be hoped, will be made for the ſeverity of it.

litude,

titude, tranſcend every other mortal; for you have pride equal to *Lucifer*, though you want his ſpirit; to which are added the turbulence of *Moloch*, and the avarice of *Mammon*.—You ſee I am ſtill deſirous of introducing you into good company.

It was very impolitic in you to ſend your brother to me, to diſſuade me from publiſhing this Letter. You ſuppoſed, that my regard for him would prevent me from expoſing him in his relation; but no power on earth ſhall prevent me from doing it. If I am amenable to the laws of my country, for making known, in this manner, my injuries, and your perfidy, carry your threats into execution. No martyr that ever ſuffered in the cauſe of religion, reſigned themſelves to their fate with greater chearfulneſs. Even death ſhall not deter me.

Before I conclude, I moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, that neither Mr. Woodward nor Mr. Kelly, who I find are the marked objects of your reſentment, ever ſaw, heard, or read a ſingle line of this Letter; and that I have neither been abetted or aſſiſted by any living creature; nor has any living perſon peruſed a line of it, but one gentleman, who took the trouble of reading four pages; when being tired of ſo worthleſs a ſubject, he threw it down,

in-

in order to purſue his favourite ſtudy of alchymy, with his reſearches after the Philoſopher's Stone.

Yet let me again proteſt to you, that every article which I am acquainted with, and which you are ſo apprehenſive about, is as ſecurely locked in my breaſt, as it is in your boſom—ſo farewell.—"Read this, and then to breakfaſt with what ap-"petite you may."

G. A. BELLAMY.

LETTER

LETTER CIII.

May 4, 1785.

AS I can have no doubt, Madam, from the friendſhip you have ever profeſſed for me, that you intereſt yourſelf in whatever concerns me, I will now give you an account of the principal events relative to myſelf, that have taken place ſince the commencement of the preſent year 1785. I fear the recital will, now and then, draw a ſigh from your ſympathetic heart; yet, as you will ſee from it that my proſpects begin to brighten, and that the dawn of a tranquillity to which I had long been a ſtranger, already tinges the horizon of my future days, I truſt the pleaſure you receive from it will overbalance the pain it gives you.

You muſt know then, that the emolument I reaped from the ſale of the copy of my "Apology," as I was at the time greatly involved, went immediately, as far as it would go, towards ſatisfying thoſe creditors. Having thus drained myſelf of every guinea, I was unfortunately compelled to contract freſh debts, to ſupport a wretched exiſtence.

Among

Among theſe, was one of fourteen pounds for my lodging. And as I had, by ſome means or other, incurred the diſlike of the woman of the houſe, the expectation of future advantages from a generous public, when my ſtory came to be known, could not procure for me the leaſt lenity. From what cauſe the inveteracy of this perſon ſprung, I never could conceive, as I always made it my ſtudy to oblige her, as far as lay in my power; but to ſuch a height was it riſen, by the time the debt had accumulated to the ſum mentioned, that a writ was taken out againſt me, and a ſheriff's officer introduced into my apartment, to ſerve it, *by herſelf*. And to make the capture as vexatious, expenſive, and diſgraceful as poſſible, I was honoured with the viſit about eight o'clock on a *Saturday* evening, and taken to Mr. Parſons'.

I am indebted to Mr. Batten, of Hare-court, in the Temple, for obtaining a releaſe from this diſagreeable affair. But though the malice of my perſecutor was thus defeated by the kind interference of that gentleman, yet to my coſt I found, that it was not in the leaſt abated. Enraged at the diſappointment of her malevolent wiſhes, ſhe ſought out every perſon to whom I happened to be

be indebted; and by every argument ſhe could deviſe, prevailed upon them to ſerve me with copies of writs. The conſequence of this was, that the debts were increaſed thereby to four times the ſum they originally had been.

To add to the diſtreſs which thus poured in upon me, having neglected, through not underſtanding the law, to have one of the writs properly anſwered, I was ſerved with an attachment for contempt of court; and being unable to ſatisfy the demand, was reduced to pay a viſit, once more, to the grated manſion of Mr. Parſons.

My introduction to that gentleman was owing, as I have already informed you, though I did not then mention his name, to my indiſcretion in accepting a bill, as already related, for Miſs Smithers, the unworthy woman who deceived both my ſon Metham and myſelf. Upon this occaſion I was ſtill more obliged to Mr. Batten, as I was not then miſtreſs of a ſingle ſhilling. That the meaſure of my misfortunes may be heaped, my kind hoſt would not ſuffer me to quit his houſe, without ſomething to remember him; for before I departed, he preſented me with another copy of a writ for five guineas, which had been ſome time

due to him, in conſequence of the above-mentioned bill.

Theſe repeated diſtreſſes almoſt drove me once more to deſpair, as I could ſcarcely hope to be extricated from them. But at length, through the generous aſſiſtance of the Ducheſs of Bolton, the Duke of Montague, his Grace of Rutland, Earl Mansfield, Sir Francis and Lady Baſſet, Lady James, Mrs. Haſtings, a generous incognito, and my highly-valued Mrs. Bull (whoſe friendſhip, of which I am proud, I am indebted to my diſtreſs for, as I had not the honour of knowing that lady till my "Apology" appeared), the cloud began to diſperſe, and I had every reaſon to hope, that I ſhould ſoon have been freed from the debts I had lately incurred; when I received a viſit from Mr. Naylor, who brought me in a long bill for undertaking and carrying on the ſuit relative to the falſe arreſt I have already given you an account of.

Nothing could equal my ſurprize upon the occaſion, as I had paid that gentleman ſeven guineas and a half towards the expence; and from his not having made any demand for upwards of five years, I could not poſſibly entertain an idea that I was his debtor. In this dilemma,

I again

I again conſulted Mr. Batten, to whom, as I have juſt ſaid, I am ſo much obliged.

I ſhould have informed you, that the pleaſure of firſt knowing this worthy man, was owing to his calling upon me from the late Mr. Woodward's brother, whoſe attorney he is, to ſolicit my conſent that the executors ſhould deliver up the bond. &c. of his, which they found among Mr. Woodward's papers after his deceaſe. To this requeſt I readily aſſented; and I have ſigned a writing for that purpoſe, wherein I give up whatever claim I may have to the debt. And as there is no other perſon that can have any claim, I hope Mr. Batten's endeavours in behalf of his client, will be crowned with ſucceſs.

Having now given you the gloomy and diſtreſsful part of the incidents which have befallen me ſince the commencement of the preſent year, I will proceed to inform you, as I am well aſſured the information will afford you pleaſure, that I have every proſpect of being comfortably ſituated for life.

Even independency, however, is not ſo flattering to a mind like mine, as the being *cheriſhed* and *patroniſed* by the truly *good* and *virtuous* of the age. Such a ſituation muſt exalt even the faulty to a

degree of tranſcendent pleaſure, not to ſay vanity. And I may, with the moſt grateful feelings, repeat thoſe lines which Lord Lanſdown wrote on the window of the apartments in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) was confined.

Good unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as fortune ſhifts the ſcene.
Some *rais'd* by fortune, *tumble* down amain,
And fall ſo *hard*, they *bound* and *riſe* again.

But what ſingular pleaſure muſt I experience from being ſtill patroniſed by the noble deſcendant of two exalted characters, whom I loved and admired when living, and revere and *regret* now they are no more. But why do I ſay regret, as ſuch goodneſs muſt be happy; and I blame myſelf for being ſo ſelfiſh, as their undubitable felicity ought to have prevented the frequent tears I have ſhed for their loſs.

I muſt add, that the Duke of Rutland's munificence, though it relieved me from an urgent diſtreſs, was not ſo acceptable to me as the elegant letter with which his Grace honoured me. The firſt adminiſtered to my diſtreſs, the latter will ever be gratefully impreſſed upon my mind.

This

This public acknowledgment of my gratitude I cannot withhold; but all thoſe who have conferred obligations upon me will no farther remember them, than in having had the ſupreme happineſs to relieve the diſtreſſed. The mind of goodneſs is not confined to a *Titus*. I have had the heart-felt ſatisfaction of finding, that the benevolence and philanthropy of that Emperor, is poſſeſſed by *many*; and can ſay, from experience, with my worthy old friend Dr. Young,

> But ſome great ſouls, and touch'd with warmth divine,
> Give gold a price and teach its beams to ſhine.
> All hoarded treaſures they repute a load;
> Nor think their wealth their own, till *well beſtow'd*.
> Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
> Through ſecret ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
> And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
> Relieve our wants, and ſpare our bluſhes too.

Let me not appear an Egotiſt, when I declare, that I never felt miſery without the recollection of *a Beliſarius*; nor ever had the means of affording relief to the wretched, but *that firſt of men* was foremoſt in my thoughts.

I know I muſt expect the moſt illiberal abuſe that falſhood can invent, from thoſe of whom I have told diſagreeable truths. But whatever in-

diſcretions I may have been guilty of, I defy the blackeſt malice to cenſure my *preſent* conduct. I have, however, the ſatisfaction to be able to ſay *,

> The more I am defam'd, my *mind*,
> Like pureſt linen laid in open air,
> The more 'tis bleach'd ſhall whiten to the view.

As to the perſon, through whoſe cruel treatment I have ſuffered the inconveniencies I have done, he is too much below contempt for me to beſtow a thought upon his publication. † "*Let "the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.*"

As Mr. Townley Ward, *who is an honour to his profeſſion*, has kindly undertaken my cauſe, I have every hope to be reſcued from his power. I ſhall call upon Mrs, Boys, a lady of the *ſtricteſt integrity*, and moſt unblemiſhed reputation, to vouch for the truth of what I have aſſerted relative to his uſage, as ſhe was witneſs to the unparalleled inſolence and barbarity I was treated with. To Mr. Batten, whom I have juſt mentioned, and who is a gentleman of too much recti-

* Dryden's Amphitryon. I have taken the liberty to ſubſtitute the word MIND for virtue, which is uſed in the original.

† Hamlet, Act III. Scene 3.

tude

tude to tell an untruth, and too much feeling to ſubmit to a mean action, he repeatedly ſaid he would not oppoſe an amicable bill, if we filed one. How well he kept his promiſe, ſome of the foregoing Letters will ſhow. I do not wiſh my aſſeveration to be taken, but ſuch incontrovertible teſtimonies of thoſe who are living to witneſs my aſſertions, cannot be diſputed.

But I have kiſſed the rod with patience; and now find, that the effects of black adverſity are ſweet; as they teach us our own infirmities. Frequent diſappointments make us hope forgiveneſs for error, and when paſt, gives us a foretaſte of heaven.

Now retiring to the ſweet converſation of a few worthy intimates, I bleſs my benefactors, and adore my God.

G. A. B.

LETTER CIV.

May 8, 1785.

I Know the goodneſs of your heart too well to think any apology needful for ſending you the copy of a letter which breathes ſuch a ſpirit of

true philanthropy, good ſenſe, and politeneſs, as the following does. Though I had related every material circumſtance that I could recollect, and had conſequently taken leave both of yourſelf and my readers in my preceding epiſtle, yet I muſt add another, to let you ſhare with me in the ſatisfaction I have received from it. You will ſee by the date that it is but juſt come to hand, and could not have been inſerted before.

The flattering marks of approbation the unknown writer is pleaſed to beſtow upon my publication, the compaſſion for my ſufferings ſhe ſo delicately imparts, the comfort ſhe ſo kindly adminiſters, and her friendly wiſhes for my future welfare, have made an impreſſion upon my mind that will never be eradicated; and I ſeize the opportunity, which now preſents itſelf, of returning the humane incognita, thus publicly, my acknowledgments.

As you know my diſpoſition is of that *un*ſelfiſh nature, that I think every happineſs which is not participated of, far from ſatisfactory; I will copy it for you, and likewiſe publiſh it, to communicate to ſuch as generouſly intereſt themſelves in my fate, the agreeable intelligence, that the number of thoſe who ſympathiſe in my paſt diſtreſſes,

diſtreſſes, and honour me with their benevolent wiſhes, are daily increaſing.—But I will no longer detain you from the letter itſelf; which if you read with half the pleaſure I did, you will enjoy an enviable mental treat.

" Dear Madam,

" I have juſt finiſhed the peruſal of what you " modeſtly call ' An Apology for your Life.' It " might, indeed, be received as an apology for a " much more blameable life than your's. Never " have I met with any hiſtory ſo affecting. If " ſuch an account of perſecuted innocence had " been given to the world as a romance, I ſhould " have been aſtoniſhed at the author's going ſo " far beyond all probability; and have ſaid, that " he preſumed too much on the credulity of " mankind: but you have convinced us, that the " utmoſt ſtretch of invention has hitherto fallen " ſhort of reality.

" But, oh thou amiable ſufferer! ſay not thou " haſt no friend to ſhare thy ſorrows, or rejoice " in thy deliverance! Every benevolent ſpirit is " intereſted in thy fate; they feel for thy diſ- " treſſes, and will ſhare thy joy, ſhould heaven

" again ſmile on thee; as, I truſt, it will: that " all-gracious Being, who ſaved thee in the dread- " ful moment of deſpair, will never quite forſake " thee. Haſt thou not fed the widow and the " orphan? Haſt thou not given bread to thoſe " whoſe brows are now encircled with coronets, " when their own parents could not give it " them? They may forget, but God will never " forget it.

" Happy, thrice happy, ſhould I be, were I in " a ſituation to aſſiſt you: my houſe ſhould be " your aſylum; my tender aſſiduties ſhould lull " your heart to peace; and your ſociety ſhould " gild the remainder of my days: but I am not " ſo bleſt: wiſhes, and prayers, are all the wealth " that I poſſeſs: they flow from the ſincereſt " ſympathy, and I hope you will accept them.

" However, my dear Madam, a word of con- " ſolation is ſometimes of equal value with gold, " and that even the pooreſt may beſtow: permit " me, then, to preach a *little* to you. I am not " one of them, who, from an eaſy chair, preach " patience to thoſe that ſit on thorns: few per- " ſons have drank more largely of the cup of " ſorrow than myſelf: affliction hath long ago " ſubdued my cheek; but, I thank God, it hath

" not

" not yet taken in my mind: when misfortune " hath, in various ſhapes, aſſailed me, an im- " plicit reſignation to the divine will, has made " all calm within; and hope, celeſtial comfor- " ter! that only ſtyptic for a bleeding heart, " hath ſtill ſuſtained me: had I not that ſup- " port, I ſhould, at this moment, ſink under the " heavieſt preſſure of anxiety, that the feelings " of an affectionate wife and mother can ex- " cite.

" Let me, therefore, intreat you, though the " meaſure of your calamity ſeems to be greater " than ever was heaped on any individual, not " to forget that the hand which hath wounded, " is mighty alſo, to heal: that the ſame power " which hath ſo long permitted you to be the " victim of wicked, ſordid, and unfeeling ſouls, " can, in a moment, raiſe you up friends and " protectors, among the great, the generous, and " the juſt. Happy diſpenſers of the bounty of " heaven! were I capable of envy, you alone " would be the object of it.

" I hope, dear Madam, you will excuſe this " great liberty, taken by a perſon who is ſome " years older than yourſelf, and is moſt unfeign- " edly

" Your Friend.

"P. S. Should the agreeable change in your "circumſtances, which I hope for, take place, I "beg the favour of you to let it be mentioned "in the General Evening Poſt, with the place of "your abode. I know not what apology to make "for this requeſt; but for want of knowing "where to addreſs you, I muſt ſend this letter to "Mr. Bell, who, I hope, will tranſmit it to "you.

"The 21ſt of April, 1785."

I could add many other letters of the ſame nature to this; but I fear I have already tried your patience too far. I ſhall therefore conclude with giving you a ſpecimen or two of my poetical talents. The firſt is my *firſt* eſſay; and, conſequently, I hope you will ſpare me, if it be not equal to your expectations. It will be neceſſary to premiſe, that the gentleman who inſpired them, (and in doing this he has almoſt worked a miracle) is one of thoſe preachers who teach the moſt lenient doctrines and endeavour to convert by perſuaſions, not anathemas.

Upon hearing the Reverend Mr. ARCHER's Diſcourſe in Advent on the following text:---*I hear a voice*

a voice in the deſart, ſaying, Prepare the way for the Lord.

While thy ſweet voice announces truths divine,
We feel our God in his diſciple ſhine.
Proceed, *great Seer*, in moderation's plan,
To ſerve thy Maker by reclaiming man:
Thy lenient words *transfixes* in the heart,
Thou firſt of *Archers!* for we *bleſs* the *dart*.

Like all dabblers in rhime, I could not ſtop here; but I lately wrote the following lines to the Reverend Mr. Wharton, with the Reverend Mr. Pilling's anſwer to his pamphlet.

Wharton! from thy deluſive dream,
Return unto thy God:
Attentive read this bleſſed ſcheme,
Or dread th' avenging rod.

Pilling, well vers'd in Chriſtian lore,
Appears—and muſt confound thee;
Has prov'd thy chaff, given us *true ore*;
Be calm—he will not wound thee.

Fair reaſon with conviction ſpeaks,
He pours in balm to heal thee;
Thy wand of ſophiſtry he breaks,
But wiſhes to retrieve thee.

In Piety's ſweet garb he comes,
And brings thee truths divine;
Votary of God! it well becomes
In ſuch a cauſe to ſhine.

Weak

Weak ſuperſtition hides her head,
Even falſehood now is daunted;
Fair orthodox is in their ſtead,—
Oh ſhame! what thou haſt wanted.

To theſe permit me to add a meditation in proſe, and then I will have done.

REFLECTIONS ON MY PILLOW.

At this ſolemn hour of night, when all is huſhed and undiſturbed by the paſt buſineſs of the day, thought has liberty to revolve, look into every receſs of the mental faculties, and expatiate at large. Can there be matter for greater contemplation, than when we think of that great, that important delegated truſt committed to our care by the all-ſupreme I AM. A truſt too often neglected for levity and folly, bringing on ſin and death: when the grave, the ſea, ſhall give up their dead; and that tremendous hour arrive, when we are ſummoned to appear before him, the Son of God, who ſuffered for our ſins, whoſe precious blood was our propitiation, what can the ſons and daughters of riot ſay? anſwer me, you thoughtleſs. Alas! I muſt alſo anſwer. Say, do we not hold mankind in deteſtation that deſpiſe and ungratefully treat a friend, ſince 'tis a general maxim, call a man ungrateful,

grateful, you call him every thing baſe by treating ill a worldly friend; what ſhall we ſay to our beſt of friends, the Redeemer of mankind, when with ſtricteſt truth he may alledge—"Look on thoſe hands, thoſe feet, this ſide, my brow, crowned with the pricking thorn, the contempt I bore for you. Could you not think, when you gave way to pleaſures falſe in themſelves, to ſenſuality, avarice, hardneſs of heart to your brother, that catalogue of ſins the Prince of Darkneſs ſpread over the world, enemy to God and man; I ſay, could you not think you crucified me anew, or did you feel the archangels, angels, cherubims, and ſeraphims, who are continually in proſtrate adoration before the throne of God, their ſorrows for their brethren of the earth drawing on them wrath divine. Was you not entruſted with a ſoul, the ſpirit of ever-living life, which never can be annihilated? When its covering of earth ſhall moulder to its natural duſt, where was that care required of you to render it unpolluted to the divine hand that gave it?"

How have you applied, how hid your talent under a buſhel; how ſhall we bear that terrible ſentence, go you children of the devil into everlaſting torments prepared for his angels. Dreadful

ful ſentence, yet a ray of hope runs thro' my boſom; the lenient hand, the balm of comfort is held out to us; we are aſſured a timely repentance may reconcile us to the Father of all mercy, and that there is compaſſion for the weakneſs and frailty of mankind; and joy in the regions of beatitude and bliſs, amongſt the heavenly powers, on the return of a repentant ſinner. At this hour of night, at all hours, grant it, oh heavenly Father, in the name of thy only Son the immaculate Emanuel. Thou haſt promiſed it to us, that when ſinners from their hearts ſhall repent thou wilt hear us, and grant us mercy! may all merit that mercy, as well as thy penitent ſervant

G. A. B.

N. B. By the above, do not ſuppoſe me to be a diſciple of Madam *Gynon*; but believe me when I aſſure you, I am by no means a viſionary, and am not partial to thoſe who are. The above lady was a ſectary, and involved the juſtly celebrated Biſhop of Cambray, (author of the admired Telemachus) by her abſurdities, which occaſioned his diſgrace, from his writing a treatiſe in her defence. Her confeſſor (whoſe name I cannot now recollect) ſhe brought into many diſagreeable ſituations, the latter wiſely diſcarded her and her viſions as ſoon as poſſible.

LET-

LETTER CV.

October 1, 1785.

SO highly flattered as I have been by the public, as well as your indulgent ſelf, I think it my duty to finiſh with that ſincerity I have always adopted, and made my boaſt. I therefore will add, as the work, through the favour of the public, is preparing for a fourth Edition, a concluſive Letter, which will, I think (unleſs any thing very material cauſes me to reſume my pen) for ever end my writing relative to myſelf.

I acquainted you, Madam, in my laſt, that my proſpect of happineſs, which could alone reſult from the ammendment of my pecuniary affairs, began to brighten, and promiſe me a more unclouded ſky, than I had for a long time enjoyed. But how ridiculous is hope! misfortune and diſtreſs, notwithſtanding the tranſient gleam, ſtill purſue me; and to which, a very ſevere illneſs has made no inconſiderable addition. Nor have freſh diſappointments been wanting to make up the tale. That which I am about to relate, will appear to you, I am perſuaded, as extraordinary as any that I have hitherto informed you of.

Some

Some time before my benefit, word was ſent me up, that a ſtranger wiſhed to ſpeak with me. Upon his introduction, he told me that his name was Findon, that he lived at Newington, in Surry, and that he was deputed by James Walker Eſq; of Juana St. Elizabeth, in the Iſland of Jamaica, to call on me relative to a very conſiderable ſum, which that gentleman had loſt to my late ſon Colonel Metham. He, at the ſame time, aſſured me that Mr. Walker, with uncommon honour, poſſeſſed great opulence, the ſum he was thus indebted to my late ſon, ſhould be ſent me as ſoon as poſſible, if I ſtood in need of it. You may be aſſured I did not heſitate to make known to him that I really had occaſion for it; and elated at the pleaſing proſpect, and charmed with ſuch unexampled honour and generoſity, I expreſſed my thanks in the moſt fervent manner. However, not thinking what I had ſaid to my viſitor ſufficient, I afterwards wrote to that gentleman; but was informed that he was gone the ſame day to Jamaica, and had taken my letter to Mr. Walker. But ſince that time, though many months have elapſed, I have received no anſwer, nor heard any thing more of this extraordinary affair.

My

My benefit, though attended with very conſiderable expences, was infinitely more lucrative than my moſt ſanguine expectations. The moſt brilliant and flattering aſſemblage of greatneſs, beauty, and goodneſs, graced the boxes. And as I had been told, that it would be abſolutely neceſſary for me to appear, if but to expreſs my thanks, notwithſtanding I was emaciated, and depreſſed by a very ſevere indiſpoſition, I choſe rather to expoſe my incapacity, than to be ſuppoſed guilty of ingratitude.

Mrs. Yates, to whom I am doubly obliged, appeared in the Ducheſs of Braganza; and never to more advantage. And I can truly ſay, her reception gave me more real ſatisfaction than I ever was ſuſceptible of, for any applauſe beſtowed upon myſelf. Indeed the performers in general (particularly Mr. Smith) drew forth all their powers to pleaſe. The beautiful Miſs Farren ſpoke an occaſional Epilogue, written by Mr. Bicknell, in which I was repreſented as a female Beliſarius. That Lady exerted herſelf ſo greatly upon the occaſion, that my apprehenſions were not a little increaſed thereby. And as I was ſeated behind the curtain, I would with pleaſure have relinquiſhed all the emoluments reſulting from

from my benefit, could I then have been excuſed from making my appearance.

Thus agitated, the curtain drew up; when, though ſcarcely able to walk, I advanced, *with an intention*, to expreſs my heart-felt gratitude; but unhapily I found myſelf incapable of articulating the words I purpoſed to make uſe of. And to ſuch a degree of ſenſibility was I actuated, that I ſhould certainly have fallen upon the lamps, had not the amiable Girl, who had juſt ſpoken the introductory addreſs, ſupported me till I got off the ſtage; when I fell down ſenſeleſs.

I have often thought, that gratitude is by much the ſtrongeſt paſſion a ſuſceptible mind can feel. It ſtrikes deeper in the ſoul than vanity or even love. Theſe are tranſient; but from the heart, where gratitude takes its root, it can never be eradicated. To what an infinite degree, therefore, muſt I be affected, to ſee the moſt eminent ladies in the kingdom; eminent for their virtues as well as their titles and fortunes, ſtand forth the avowed patroneſſes of ſuch a diſtreſſed, I might ſay, oppreſſed being as my inſignificant ſelf. It was too great a happineſs, much too great, even for inſenſibility itſelf to bear; and I ſunk under the weight.

I now

I now found myſelf enabled to ſatisfy the debts I had newly contracted. And entertaining no manner of doubt but that I ſhould ſoon hear from Jamaica, I paid ſome that had been of longer ſtanding, and gave freſh ſecurities to others, whoſe indigence and paſt lenity, had a claim upon my gratitude and every honeſt ſenſation.

Thus you ſee, Madam, that notwithſtanding all the experience I had ſo dearly bought, I ſtill continue to be moſt unfortunately ſanguine, and the ſame dupe to my credulity I have ever been; and I too much fear ſhall ever remain ſo.

To add to theſe diſtreſſes, ſoon after my benefit, I had the misfortune to ſprain my angle; which has been the means of my being confined ever ſince; for endeavouring to walk before I had gained ſufficient ſtrength, I fell, and ſplintered the bone of the ſame leg; from which, I fear, I never ſhall be able to walk again, without aſſiſtance.

Theſe accidents, however, I hope will conclude my misfortunes; as I have the honour and happineſs of being upon the liſt of her Grace of Devonſhire's penſioner's. The arrival of my ſon from India has likewiſe greatly added to my felicity, as the continuance of his affection, and the preſervation

preſervation of his health, was the ſummit of my wiſhes. His preſent ſituation will not indeed permit him to extricate me from the debts, with which I am encumbered; but he has ſettled a yearly income upon me. And were not thoſe incumbrances a great abatement to my happineſs, I ſhould think myſelf bleſt in the patronage of one of the firſt of women, and the affection of the beſt of ſons, though bereft of health, and deprived of my favourite amuſement.

Among the numerous letters that I have received from unknown correſpondents, ſince the publication of my apology, I cannot forbear giving you the contents of one, the ſingularity of which, I own, much ſurprized me. Two gentlemen called at my lodgings, one evening, and left a letter, with a particular injunction that it ſhould be delivered into my own hand. Upon opening it, I found only theſe few words, *God for ever bleſs you.* Some company, who happened to be with me at the time, ſeemed to think, that ſomething more was intended by it, than merely to convey me a bleſſing, and adviſed me to mention it in one of the morning prints, but couched in ſuch terms as that the writer alone might underſtand the purport of it. This I accordingly did;

did; but as I heard no more of it, I ſuppoſe it came from a perſon, whoſe time hanging heavy on his hands, wiſhed to divert himſelf by awakening my curioſity.

I likewiſe wrote to Jamaica; but as I have received no anſwer, muſt ſuppoſe the intelligence I received from the viſitor mentioned in the beginning of my Letter to be of the ſame nature. But I am at a loſs, when I reflect upon the circumſtance, to conceive what the gentleman's inducement for thus leading an unfortunate individual into a fool's paradiſe, could be.

When the notes I had lately given became due, as it was not in my power to diſcharge them, I preſumed to write to the gentleman, who, as I told you in a former Letter, with a donation he ſent me, likewiſe ſent me word to call upon his purſe on any future occaſion. I certainly could mean no farther to intrude upon thoſe generous feelings I had ſo recently experienced, than for a temporary relief, until by œconomy I ſhould be enabled to repay what he might be induced by his humanity to lend me. I, however, received no anſwer to my letter. As his former liberality had been quite unſolicited, I imagined this ſilence might proceed from his not being

being at home. This induced me to write again, but with no better ſucceſs.

I have thus, my dear Madam, given you a continuation of the moſt material incidents that happened to me ſince the date of my laſt Letter; and by them you will ſee, that my life ſtill continues to be chequered; that ſometimes fortune ſeems to be in good humour with me, and ſhowers her favours upon me, and at the ſame time, that diſappointments moſt ſurely ſucceed. But as the fickle lady has not totally deſerted me, I am not without hopes, if I can be indulged with time, of being able totally to exonerate myſelf from thoſe pecuniary engagements which lie ſo heavy upon my mind.

By way of concluſion, I ſend you a copy of a poetical addreſs to her Grace of Devonſhire. Though very unequal to the taſk, I have ventured to expreſs my gratitude, which, like the Widow's mite, I hope will be accepted.

Lines humbly Addreſſed to her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonſhire.

What tribute can the Muſes bring,
Or how attempt her praiſe to ſing,
The ſanction of whoſe high prais'd name,
Confers on bards their greateſt fame?

Could

Could I with faithful pencil trace
That graceful mein, that lovely face,
Thoſe eyes which ſhed celeſtial rays,
A thouſand bards would claim the praiſe.
Of Devon, all the tuneful Nine
Have ſung, in ſtrains, like her divine.
Or preſt by gratitude, ſuppoſe
I praiſe a mind that conſtant glows
With all that's *wiſe*, that's *great*, and *good*,
The *real* wealth of noble blood;
Where can a nobler current glide,
Spencer, and Marlb'rough feeds the tide,
And Poynts *, who taught the way to fame;
And ſtampt with ſcience William's name.
The nations with one voice would ſay,
Thus I praiſe Devon every day.
What ſhall I do, or how impart
Feelings, which overflow my heart;
The grateful trembler fain would ſpeak,
The ſpring is warm, but words are weak.
What praiſe to her ſhall mortal give,
Who, like an angel, bids me live;
She, who like heaven o'er my head,
Her beams upon the evening ſhed
Of a long day; whoſe ſtorms, als,
Oft ſhook the ſand within my glaſs.
Yet ſtill be mine to praiſe the morn
That ſees another Devon born;
Where, as within an infant roſe,
A matchleſs mother's beauty glows;

* Mr. Poynts was preceptor to the late Duke of Cumberland, and father to the Counteſs Dowager of Spencer.

Or a young Marlborough, in whoſe eye,
His great forfather's flame I ſpy.
Heroes and ſtateſmen are the fruit,
That ſpring from ſuch a noble root.
Thus time for many an age ſhall trace
The blooming wonders of that face;
And unborn heroes ſpring from thee,
Their country's guardian, God's to be.

I thought to have concluded with the foregoing lines, and with tolerable chearfulneſs; but that fickle dame I juſt now mentioned, will not ſuffer me to do ſo. I am unhappily forced to add, that the attorney who undertook, with Mr. Batten, the joint *friendly* bill before the Barons of Exchequer, in order to obtain permiſſion for Mr. Woodward to ſell out the ſtock his brother had left him, has ſent me in his bill, which amounts to forty three pounds thirteen ſhillings, and one penny. What I ſhall do I know not. If he has not lenity, the Lord have mercy upon me. But as he is a generous and opulent man, I hope he will give me time; more particularly, as he muſt feel the deception that occaſioned our ill ſucceſs.

G. A. B.

F I N I S.

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